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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is a common fault to judge by bulk rather than by essence and hence the reimposition of the duty on corn, which is to bring in a mere two or three millions, has been generally accepted almost as a tinkering, temporary remedy. In reality it makes this Budget altogether remarkable. No doubt Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will assist his critics; he will argue that the duty will not benefit English farmers; for it would be a terrible thing if so good a free-trader could be convicted of doing anything that could give one of his own countrymen any trade advantage over the foreigner; and he will hasten to assure tender Cobdenites that he was only seeking revenue in a time of stress, not bolstering any nation or industry. But those who are not hampered by a Cobdenite heritage have no need to conceal the truth that this duty on corn comes on the top of a steady change in public opinion, and is a confession that Free trade is no more independent of qualification than other principles. Nor is it necessary to blush with shame, if this broadening of the base of taxation should incidentally assist the farmers. It is one of the most perverted of fiscal fallacies that advantage to one man is to be subtracted from the good bestowed on the community.

The wild forecasts of the Budget with which the public amused itself were almost all falsified. Only one new indirect tax is suggested, the duty of 3d. a hundredweight on all grain and a correlative duty of 5d. on meal and flour; and only two of the indirect taxes increased: a penny to be added to the income-tax, with a promise that this should be the first tax to be relieved when opportunity offers; and an additional penny on all loans and cheques. With regard to the income and expenditure of the past year there would have been a large surplus if a considerable sum had not been taken out of revenue to meet the expenses of the war, which exceeded the 119 millions provided by the special loans since the beginning of the two wars. To the resulting deficit more than £18,000,000 has to be added

in which are included gratuities to the soldiers and provision for bringing them home, the interest on the fresh debt, money for the relief of our sugar colonies and provision for the constabulary in the new colonies, leaving a net deficit of £41,000,000, after allowance has been made for the suspension of the sinking fund. This it is proposed to make good by borrowing £32,000,000, by raising, in rough figures, £5,000,000 through the new taxation and by utilising a balance of £4,000,000 from last year's Treasury account.

The whole debate was introduced by an unwonted note of unconscious humour. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman with every appearance of meaning what he said asked Sir Michael Hicks-Beach if he would be so good as to put off the debate. For the sake of the scene in the House, crowded with members all in a state of suspended tension, we wish Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had said Yes. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had in his head some idea of the alteration in the plans made by the hopes of peace, but it is an inadequate, if Scottish, reason for failing to see the point of his own unintentional humour. He showed the same negative faculty when he wound up the debate on the last vote of censure by asking a succession of questions, which were certainly not rhetorical and yet by the state of the debate and the hour of the clock could not be answered.

Except by farmers it has been accepted as a natural corollary of the duty on corn that flour should be taxed proportionately; but the two are not necessarily on the same footing. During the past few years it has been a common complaint among farmers that bran has continued to rise in price till it is now approximately as dear as flour. The reason is that more and more flour has been imported into the country and it has not been thought worth while also to import the rejected part of the grain. If such a duty was put upon flour as would compel foreign merchants to grind their wheat in this country, British labour would benefit and the farmers would get a valuable commodity at a cheaper rate. It is possible that some foreign merchants might be inconvenienced; but even if the duty on flour was prohibitive it would not be sufficient to affect the price of bread.

In the Colonies the Budget has been received with a certain amount of satisfaction not wholly unqualified

by disappointment that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach appears to have given no thought to any preferential scheme. Imperial finance threatens Sir Wilfrid Laurier with serious difficulties in Canada. His Free-trade predilections were held in the debate in the Dominion House of Commons on Wednesday to be responsible for Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's failure to place colonial corn on a different footing from foreign. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has hardly gone forward recently in the estimation of the people of Canada, and if he is not careful, he will speak at the Coronation functions with a good deal less authority than he spoke on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. His imperialism is not now as unchallenged as it was. Under its cloak he managed to take a step towards Free trade, and his unwillingness to discuss the relations of the colonies and the Mother-country in all their bearings has given the Opposition a weapon which Mr. Borden and his friends were not slow to seize. The Canadian Premier has hitherto scouted the idea that Great Britain could go back on Free trade, but now he urges that the corn duty will render a system of closer trade relations between the various parts of the Empire easier of arrangement. In that he is no doubt right but he must really make up his mind whether he is in favour of a one-sided fiscal system or of reciprocity.

Thanks to a mixture of tactless candour and silly reticence on the part of the Government and others the Spion Kop disaster is still a cause of national irritation. At last, two years after the fight, we have the whole truth. The suppressed paragraphs which are now published are a despatch from Thorneycroft, giving the reason of his withdrawal from the top of Spion Kop, an unimportant addition to our knowledge, and a criticism by Sir Redvers Buller of General Warren: and it is remarkable in the light of General Buller's recent letters that he himself writes "in forwarding this report I am constrained to make remarks not necessarily for publication". The "remarks" are an accusation against Sir Charles Warren of disastrous slowness and such an inability to use his staff and subordinates that "I can never employ him again on an independent command". He continues "on the 19th I ought to have assumed command myself. I saw that things were not going well. Indeed everyone saw that. I blame myself now for not having done so". His reason for not doing so was a fear of discrediting Sir Charles Warren. In short what happened was that everyone deputed someone else and while our officers were evading responsibility the Boers were able effectually to strengthen an originally weak position.

*Si vis pacem, para bellum.* The considerable successes on the field should strengthen not a little the good intentions of the conferring leaders. After a series of successful marches Colonel Colenbrander hemmed in Beyers' commando at Pylkop and after a fine attack by the Inniskilling Fusiliers the laager and 100 captives were taken. It is thought that Beyers himself escaped over a precipitous hill. The full news of Colonel Kekewich's engagement near Rooiwal shows it to have been a considerable success. He was very boldly attacked and lost 7 killed and 50 wounded; but the enemy suffered much more severely; 44 were killed, including Commandant Potgieter, and 20 prisoners were taken and three guns. In the Western Transvaal General Ian Hamilton and Colonel Rochfort have harried the enemy continuously and accounted for 139 men. It is estimated that since the Boer leaders came in the Boer forces have been reduced by more than eight hundred. One incident has to be regretted, a patrol was cut up near Bultfontein, 3 men were killed, 14 wounded and some prisoners taken. During the week the columns reported 55 Boers killed, 43 wounded and 167 surrendered.

Criticisms on peace prospects oscillated between hope and gloom, until Mr. Balfour's welcome statement was made on Friday afternoon. Both uncertainty and suspense were fully justified. The Cabinet has met four times in five days. Lord Salisbury has had a

conference with the King. Hopefulness now prevails; and the relegation of the decision from the Boer leaders to the general body of the burghers in the field is *prima facie* evidence that the leaders themselves believe that the British conditions are not impossible. The Boers, of course, will not so far go back on their old character as to omit to bluff. They tried to get an armistice and they will try with obstinacy to get every shred of concession which they may conceive possible. Irritation, incident to the pursuit, may prevent any agreement in the end, but we can scarcely doubt that the leaders assembled with their minds made up to surrender independence. If that is so, peace must be at least possible, whatever difficulties arise over other questions.

Harvard University has been conducting itself in a manner which may be characteristic of the country but is not in accordance with the ideas of an English community of culture as to the treatment due to a friendly nation. Six hundred and fifty professors and students attended to hear speeches from the "Boer delegates" and rapturously applauded their characteristic attacks on the English Army. The style of oratory that appeals to a Harvard audience may be gauged by the following samples. Dr. Muller stated that "England allowed the Boers to overcome the natives and other obstacles she could not meet". "It is a shame" said the other "delegate" "that the English will not allow doctors to attend to our wounded". "The English seem to wish to attain their object by letting our wives, our mothers and our babes die of thirst and starvation." This is the kind of rubbish which an audience of 650 cultured professors and undergraduates of Harvard heard not only without protest but with wild applause, an audience supposed in America to be almost Anglo-maniac. After this we are not surprised to find that there is a Boer Relief Fund at Harvard which amounts to the magnificent sum of 234 dollars 50 cents, for all the world as at a popular Parisian café in the Ladysmith time.

The discovery of the brutality of some American soldiers in the Philippine war has brought a feeling of shame upon the whole country. American officers are not more disposed to cruelty than those of other nations and there never was a war in which some amount of naked brutality was not set loose. But the shame of the nation in this case is largely the result of the contrast between the conduct of the campaign and the claims to the new humanity which were preached at the beginning. One must ask if such crimes as are now brought to light are not also a part of "the white man's burden" and a natural sequel of the treacherous attack on "the Filipino Martyrs" in February 1899? The conduct of the officers, Australian by birth but hardly by nationality, who have now paid the penalty of their crimes in South Africa, suggests an unhappy parallel to the murders in the Philippines. All that we can say is that the officers belonged to Irregulars collected on the spot and that our Government never claimed that this war was fought "in the cause of humanity and for the protection of a weak people from the cruelties of a merciless oppressor". The bitterness of that satire is spared us.

Sir Hubert Jerningham's eulogy of the British régime at the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday would have been rather more convincing if he had found less to admire in Dutch methods. That the Dutch have taken a paternal view of native interests in the Far East is a revelation. The chronic troubles of Acheen in this event must be due to base ingratitude on the part of the insurgents; in South Africa the century-long differences of Dutch and British originated in the efforts of the British, not always wisely directed, to save the native from Dutch brutality. Sir Hubert Jerningham was on less debatable ground in dealing with the imperial question generally. There can be no doubt that the time has come when the Imperial authorities should occupy themselves with the greater problems and leave the minor to local administrators. In the case of the self-governing colonies



this is done already, but there are innumerable Crown colonies whose local interests are still the subject of imperial concern. As the Crown colonies are seriously victimised by the economic system of the metropolis, the slackening of the official bonds obviously might serve the cause of imperial federation. In considering the need of a really imperial fiscal system, the case of the Crown colonies is apt to be overlooked, and Sir Hubert Jermingham's reminder that they exist and have interests was both opportune and necessary.

It is natural that the assassination of M. Sipiaguine, the Russian Minister of the Interior, should be everywhere accepted as a crime emerging from political discontent. A few months ago an attempt was made on the life of M. Pobiedonostzeff and from time to time lately sudden stirrings of sedition have given hint of the volcanic energy of discontent "*suppositus cineri doloso*". The assassin of M. Sipiaguine was himself a rebellious student who had been punished and pardoned. Though it is easy to exaggerate the significance, though not the iniquity, of this or that crime, the duel, which the Empress Catherine foretold, between revolution and autocracy has to be fought out. There is no picture of solidity to compare with the Russian Empire as we see it on the map: but internally this antagonism has to be eliminated.

Though like all great movements the Belgian strikes, or general strike, draw their origin from deeper causes, the immediate occasion is political, a demand to reduce the voting age from twenty-five to twenty-one and to put an end to plural voting. At present the Chamber of Representatives has shown itself admirably firm and refused to listen to suggestions for revising the constitution. But Belgium, to use Carlyle's simile of the Reform Bill, is on the way to Niagara. One is compelled also to put his interrogative: "And after?", though at this date his answer, when disengaged from its sulphurous expression, suggests no true solution. The great weakness of the agitators is their tendency to illegal excesses, but the leaders after the first rioting in Brussels seem to have induced the bulk of the men to preserve order. If the organisation is successful in this and in keeping the strikes general, it may be for the time irresistible. "*Vox populi*" is not "*Vox Dei*" but it is unfortunately a force and a force that knows not argument. Now that 300,000 men are "out", it is of small use to point out the folly of their ambition and the little good that its fulfilment is likely to bring them.

The Irish Government has proclaimed according to a short notice in the "Dublin Gazette" nine counties and two county boroughs. The decision has been taken as a proclamation of the United Irish League but this organisation is not specifically mentioned nor has been elevated into the pleasant martyrdom of a "dangerous association". The Government has been faced by the old Irish dilemma: summary methods arouse Irishmen to opposition, even to a temporary agreement, tolerance on the other hand tempts them to press what they consider yielding authority as far as it can be driven. Mr. Wyndham has always been free from the passion for coercion which has distinguished and disgraced some English and as many Irish politicians; so we must conclude that this resort to the Crimes Act had become necessary. The debate was remarkable. Mr. Redmond gave the House an astonishing piece of oratory. We wholly endorse his denunciation of the sensational appeals for coercion made in some London papers. Mr. Redmond certainly stimulated Mr. Wyndham to one of the finest speeches he has made. The agitator with the "instinct of a bluebottle fly" remains a permanent portrait; and in the midst of polemics Mr. Wyndham did not omit to make felt his sympathy for the Irish peasant. But when all is said his naked point remains unavoidable. While one person is deprived of the necessities of life by boycotting, the Crimes Act is a necessity.

The London and North-Western Railway Bill which last session, on the motion of Mr. Claude Hay, was rejected because the company had evaded their obliga-

tions with respect to the rehousing of the working classes dispossessed by their improvement schemes passed its second reading on Thursday. But the action of Mr. Hay in the matter, and his obtaining the appointment of a committee to consider the housing clauses in railway Bills, are justified by Thursday's proceedings. Mr. Ritchie informed the House that the company would provide all the accommodation of which their operations had threatened to deprive their tenants. The laughter of the House when Colonel Lockwood ventured to pledge the good faith of the company that rents should not be raised is significant of the opinion entertained of the motives of railway companies. Mr. Burns' remark that this year twenty thousand people will be dispossessed by the companies shows the vast importance of the subject. What is the good of perpetually talking about housing, if these bodies are to have a free hand in counteracting the effects of whatever is done?

Mere professional opponents of the Education Bill, the Evangelical Free Church Councils and the Liberation Society, gave public demonstrations on Tuesday of the bitter spirit in which they intend to oppose the Bill. To wreck the Bill or break the Government expresses the object they have in view, and it is evident that the Bill is welcomed as affording a centre of political opposition more than it is disliked as an educational measure. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the "Liberal Party", at last thoroughly united, so he tells them, are to be at their service. Neither the spirit in which the opposition is to be conducted nor the arguments about clericalism, religious freedom, popular control and the rest are worth any more consideration than they have been worth at any time since they were invented to excuse the monopoly of education which these secularists wish to possess. We have only been treated to specimens of the kind of agitation for which the Bill affords infinite opportunities if it remains optional. The Government must meet the hostility of the enemy by rousing the enthusiasm of its supporters, and nothing will do this more effectively than joining decisive battle by making the Bill compulsory as all educationists desire it to be.

If the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General had not been present at the Annual Meeting of the Bar, it is not very evident what would have been found to talk about. None of the subjects mentioned in the Report was discussed except the Long Vacation. Last year's meeting was in favour of altering the dates to 1 August till 12 October from 12 August till 24 October. There is no desire for shortening it and the method of bringing about an alteration, if there is to be an alteration, would preferably be by Order in Council, lest discussion in Parliament should suggest curtailment as one means of facilitating business in the Courts. Encomiums, no doubt deserved, were lavished on the law officers for their skill in managing the country's delicate legal complications during the course of the war. It is possible that otherwise the "Bundesrath" and "Herzog" incidents might have been more serious. At any rate Sir Robert Finlay was very sure that with all the extra stress of work thrown on the law officers they could not have carried on private practice in the Courts; and it was because he would not part with his private practice that Sir Edward Clarke, their eulogiser, refused to accept his old post. Sir Robert must have been glad of the topic, considering the extremely barren nature of the meeting's business.

A terrible explosion by which eleven lives were lost occurred on Tuesday on H.M.S. "Mars". While at gun practice off the coast of Ireland a missfire took place in each of the forward barbette guns. With the intention of ensuring safety, orders were given that the charge in one of the guns should be fired by the auxiliary firing circuit. All that is known, or probably will be known, is that four minutes after the order the breech block of the gun was blown out with such force that eleven men in the barbette were killed and six severely wounded. It is probable that the second attempt to fire the gun failed and that in order to investigate the bolt

was loosened too soon; but the only certain fact is that the disaster was due to some carelessness or mistaken order, not to any flaw in the metal of the gun or its mechanism.

Last year 112,000 people, almost all of them overborne by the stress of local enthusiasm, witnessed the final of the English Football Cup at the Crystal Palace. An equally large crowd similarly ecstatic will assemble to-day and the sentiment of North against South has been again stimulated to the pitch of absurdity by all the football critics. When one is aware of all the intrigue and greed which are now associated with the collection from the ends of the world of a local team, one hardly knows whether more to wonder at the willing gullibility of the spectators or to dread the contagion of the professional spirit. Neither the Southampton nor Sheffield team is in any true sense local though the exchequer of one has been mostly filled by Southern and of the other by Northern spectators. The gladiatorial exhibition is fortunately held in an amphitheatre so well adapted for a crowd that small risk of such an accident as happened at Glasgow need be feared.

The Lord Mayor's dinner to the Speaker is presumably given with the idea of providing him with the opportunity to make a speech—an opportunity the dignity of his office generally denies him. Mr. Speaker Gully took his opportunity not entirely amiss, for his reminiscences of speeches by his predecessors were interesting. Generally it must be admitted that it is well for Mr. Speaker to be seen and not heard. Of the other speeches Mr. Morley's was the best and was extremely good. Nothing could be more felicitous than his distinction between the ministerial and opposition leaders that when the ministerialists fell out amongst themselves they retired to bed, hiding their differences under the blankets, while the opposition leaders in dissidence promptly resorted to the platform and to dinners. It is a pity Mr. Morley did not keep up this happy strain; for his serious encomiums on the House of Commons will hardly bear scrutiny. We are extremely amused at the anxiety displayed in this morning's "Times" by Sir John Rolleston and Mr. Richard B. Martin to let the world know that they were at this dinner. What a terrible thing to be left out of the list of guests! Where will the itch for notoriety end?

The Bank returns of Thursday were of a favourable character, a marked increase in the reserve and proportion having taken place during the period under review, the former showing an increase of £756,790 at £24,394,210 and the latter being stronger by 2½ per cent. at 50½ per cent. The market repaid £1,721,650 to the central institution on balance but to effect this other deposits representing the market balances were drawn upon for £865,600. The active note circulation contracted by £307,490 and with the return of gold from abroad of £115,000 the bullion and coin showed an increase of £449,300. The feature in the Consol market has been the announcement of the new loan of £32,000,000 at 93½ per cent., £16,000,000 of which has been taken firm by Messrs. Rothschild and the balance is likely to prove over-subscribed at least a dozen times. The premier security has naturally been adversely affected by this fresh emission but quotations have hardened up to 94½ with a corresponding increase in value of the letters of allotment for the new loan to 1½.

A brighter period appears to have set in for home railway stocks, the southern lines especially being in favour. American rails have shown marked advances and, the fear of a corner in Louisville shares having been dissipated by the pronouncement of Messrs. J. S. Morgan as to the control of the line, there is great buoyancy in every stock. The South African mining market has been firm without however much fresh business and the course of the market continues to follow the peace negotiations. The remaining markets have been quiet with no special feature. Consols 94½. Bank rate 3 per cent. (6 February 1902).

#### A SURPRISINGLY SENSIBLE BUDGET.

THE Budget, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer unfolded to the House of Commons on Monday, seems at first sight a hum-drum affair enough, wherein lies the cleverness of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. A loan of £32,000,000, a further suspension of the sinking fund, and new taxes to the tune of £5,150,000, do not strike one as sensational. But in reality Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's third war Budget is the beginning of a fiscal revolution. War is a rough and wonderfully efficient schoolmaster. If the Boers have failed to drive the British out of South Africa, they have at least succeeded in driving Cobden out of Downing Street, a great victory for which we ought to thank them. In 1840, when Bright and Cobden first took the platform, the logic of facts was for them, or all their eloquence and energy had been in vain. Other nations wanted our manufactures, and we wanted their corn. Wages were low and corn was dear. The choice lay between raising the price of labour and lowering the price of grain. Bright and Cobden belonged to the class of manufacturers, and they naturally preferred the fall of rents to the rise of wages. The alliance of genius with economic truth must always be irresistible: and the manufacturers beat the landlords hollow, though the latter briefed another genius, Disraeli, to defend them. But economic truth is a fluent, not a fixed, doctrine: it changes with the industrial conditions of the world. England, having ruined her agricultural interest, remained dependent upon foreign nations for food: while steam, electricity, foreign loans, and scientific processes of production robbed her of the monopoly of manufactures. Thus what was economically true in 1846 became economically false twenty-five years later. This fact has been patent to every thinking man for a very long time: but Bright and Cobden, who came from the Puritan middle class, managed to invest their one-sided Free Trade with a kind of moral sanction, so that the man in the street, and more especially the man in the field, took it for something as imperative and immutable as the decalogue. Two years and a half of war, however, have set us on thinking about the ways of raising money, and asking ourselves whether it is economically sound to lean entirely for revenue on articles which we cannot produce at home, such as tea, tobacco, and wine, while we admit duty free commodities which we do or might produce ourselves, such as corn, flour, timber, steel, and many others. Until the other day, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was counted of the strictest sect of Cobdenites: but he too, in the delicate phrase of the "Times", has "learned his lesson". This is the more insolent on the part of that journal, as its own conversion to economic commonsense is of the most recent kind.

For our part we can only congratulate Sir Michael Hicks-Beach upon his wisdom in recognising the logic of facts, and upon his courage in acting upon his wisdom. It would have been so easy for him to get what money he wanted by running in the old groove, and merely increasing existing taxes. Given a deficit of £45,500,000 for the coming year, and a decision to borrow £32,000,000, to suspend the sinking fund to the tune of £4,500,000, and to draw on Exchequer balances for £3,500,000, what could have been easier than to get his £5,150,000, of taxes, by adding 2d. to the income-tax, which would have yielded £4,000,000, and by increasing the duty on sugar? He would have raised no fundamental issues, for an increase of income-tax is always hailed with delight by the Opposition; and an increase of the sugar-duty was so confidently expected that speculators are said to have lost large sums by buying sugar. Instead of yielding to this temptation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has added 1d. to the income-tax, which is estimated to yield £2,000,000, has put an additional 1d. on cheques and dividend warrants, which is reckoned at £500,000, and has imposed a duty on imported corn of 3d. per cwt. and on imported flour of 5d. per cwt., which are calculated to bring in £3,500,000. For the first time, we believe, in our fiscal history direct taxation brings in more than half our total revenue from taxes, and considering what a very small proportion of the



population pay income-tax we trust that the limit has been reached, though it is still under the record 1s. 4d. levied during the Crimean war. It may however be some consolation for this small and privileged class to learn from the lips of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that as soon as peace is restored, the income-tax will have the first claim to reduction. This is prudent, as well as just, for the class of income-taxpayers is educated and organised, and exercises an influence at elections out of all proportion to its numbers. Seeing that a man or woman with £1,000 a year will now pay £62 a year in income-tax, as well as his or her duties on commodities, and his or her local rates, we warn Sir Michael Hicks-Beach not to make any further experiments upon this particular victim, or he will rue it. The extra 1d. on cheques we think is one of those little fiddling mistakes which Mr. Goschen was always making when he was at the Treasury, and which are generally due to the ingenuity of some permanent official. An Inland Revenue chairman is very apt to suggest these trifles to his chief, having in turn borrowed them from some zealous subordinate "on the make". But it is never worth while to upset the calculations and disturb the convenience of a considerable class for the sake of £500,000. To the rentier, the squire, or the helot of Park Lane, it matters nothing whether his cheques bear a twopenny, or even a threepenny, stamp. It figures for a few shillings or pounds in his banking account, and he never thinks of it. But to large commercial houses or wholesale tradesmen it may matter a good deal. It is a great convenience to pay small and constant disbursements by cheque. In future, however, one large cheque will be drawn, and the small payments made by postal order. So that we do not think the Chancellor of the Exchequer will get anything like his £500,000 out of the additional stamp, while he certainly will have annoyed a good many people. Our hope is that if the war comes to an end this extra stamp on cheques will be dropped, like Mr. Goschen's tax on "pleasure-horses". The duties on corn and flour are not, of course, new taxes, but the revival of old ones, which were imposed by Mr. Gladstone (not in his Tory days) and repealed by Mr. Lowe. We have so often expressed in this Review our wish to see foreign corn and flour contribute to the revenue that we need not now repeat our views. The corn and flour duties are imposed for strictly revenue purposes, and not with the object of protecting our agricultural interest. Should they incidentally have the latter effect, we should rejoice, though, of course, they are not heavy enough to induce the growing of more corn in this country. If these corn and flour duties should subsequently be increased so as to make it profitable to grow more wheat and mill more flour in these islands, no one would exult more openly than ourselves. But we have never pretended that corn and flour duties, however low, might not for the moment increase the price of bread, for the baker and the miller are as other tradesmen, even as the grocer, the wine merchant, and the tobacconist. Business is business, and when a new duty is imposed, or an old one increased, the distributor takes advantage of the opportunity, not only to make his customer pay the tax, but to pocket a little additional profit. Already we understand that the baker and the miller are raising their prices in a higher ratio than that of the new duties.

A word of warning to these gentry as well as to Sir Michael. In France most of the larger municipalities have the power of fixing the price of bread, "in case of need". The logical corollary of taxing corn and flour is to give some local authority the power of regulating the cupidity of the retailer, in cases of necessity. We should decline to vest the power of fixing the price of the quarter loaf in the parish council: but it might perhaps be confided to the district council. It is to be sure only a weapon to be held in reserve, this power of fixing the price of an article of necessity. But as the prices of gas, water, and electric light are fixed by law, we can see no logical ground for allowing the baker and the miller to exploit their neighbours without regulation. We suppose that the tom-tom of Free Trade will be banged for the next few weeks by old stagers like Sir William

Harcourt, by middle-aged fanatics, and by ambitious lawyers. We much doubt whether Mr. Asquith, or the younger bloods of the Radical party, who have a future, will join in this foolish clamour. From a party point of view, we hope they will, as we are certain that the majority of the working classes have no enthusiasm for free imports. The great principle established by our third war budget is that the basis of indirect taxation must be broadened, and with that advance in the economic education of our governors we are perfectly satisfied.

#### THE SURRENDER CONFERENCE.

A WHOLLY erroneous impression of the character of the communications which have passed between the Boer leaders and the Imperial Government has been produced upon the public mind. Poverty of language has compelled the newspapers to write of "negotiations"—a term which conveys the idea of an interchange of views between two States respectively possessing a separate international existence. So far as the Continent is concerned the error has been strengthened by the persistent make-belief of Mr. Kruger and the ingenious information sent to the press from "Boer sources" at Brussels. This latter included a highly imaginative catalogue of the peace proposals which the "Governments of the Transvaal and Orange Free State" are alleged to have submitted to the British Government. The misconception so far as this country is concerned might have been removed by a single sentence if the tongues of Ministers had not been tied by the fear of pro-Boer indiscretion. As it was they could not afford to give the pro-Boers a pretext however slight for displaying the blind partisanship and misplaced sympathy which on former occasions have so materially contributed to the protraction of the war.

The closest analogy to the present transaction is to be found in the circumstances of the Bloemfontein Conference. Once more Lord Milner meets a Boer conclave to expound the will of the Empire. During the past few days the mind of the man who is now, as he was then, High Commissioner for South Africa must have gone back many times to that historic occasion. The contrast between then and now brings home the full significance of all that has happened in the last three years. The Boer cause, as represented by President Kruger, was then at its zenith. The presence of the war-worn men, whose first thought when they reached a town was to provide themselves with fresh clothes, is evidence that it is now in its nadir. The communications which the Boer generals are making through Lord Milner to the Imperial Government are not negotiations for peace in any ordinary sense of the words, but an attempt to arrange terms for the submission of the forces under their command, which shall be as little galling as possible to the pride of the Boer people. It is an attempt to "save face". The difficulty of the process lies in the fact that the area of debateable matter is strictly limited. On the Boer side the sole advantage which can be proffered is the undertaking to shorten the duration of the Boer resistance in its present phase of guerilla warfare. The resistance of the Boer population to British rule will not cease with the surrender of the burgher forces. The Boer leaders are not called upon to make any such undertaking. Nor could we place any reliance on their promises if they were willing to make them. All that the Boer leaders can offer, therefore, is to shorten the war by an undefined period of probably some three or four months. Lord Milner's forecast that the Transvaal revenue for the year 1902-3 will amount to between four and five millions sterling is based upon the assumption that from 1 July next it will be possible to hand over the railways in that colony to the civil authorities. This assumption shows how brief is the period by which the immediate submission of the Boers would in itself shorten the duration of military operations on the present scale.

But if the Boers have little to offer, Lord Milner has still less. The Boer leaders know perfectly well that the treatment which will be accorded to their people, when once they become subjects of the Crown, is more generous than any which they could claim on

any grounds of international right. Whatever uncertainty may have previously existed as to the intention of the British Government on this head has been definitely removed by the remarks of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in his Budget speech. If the Boers lay down their arms, the money provided for the maintenance of the army, in the event of the war continuing to the end of the year, will furnish the means immediately required to defray the cost of restoring the burghers to their farms, and of carrying out other measures necessary for the industrial development of the new colonies and of South Africa as a whole. Lord Milner, therefore, could do little more than explain to the Boer leaders the plans for the administration of the new colonies which were virtually formulated by the British Government eighteen months ago. Nothing has happened in the interval to make it easier to grant concessions now. On the contrary the protracted resistance of the Boers themselves, and the rebellion of the Afrikaners in the Cape Colony, have shown how unquestionable is the danger of granting concessions which must necessarily tend to the cultivation and stimulus of Boer nationality.

In view of these circumstances it may be asked how any practical result could be expected from the present negotiations. The answer is that the British Government have treated with the Boer Republics, but as the generals in command of the various bodies of burghers who are still in arms. In other words the negotiations are not political but military. The object sought to be obtained is not the conclusion of terms of peace between two belligerent Powers, but the voluntary surrender of a hostile force in what has now become a part of the Empire. It is satisfactory, therefore, to learn from Mr. Balfour's statement that at all events the initial difficulties have been overcome. Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener, while rightly refusing on military grounds to grant an armistice, have agreed "to give facilities for the election and meeting of representatives of the various commandos", in order that the burghers in the field may decide whether they will surrender or not. As the Boer leaders have now left Pretoria to make the necessary arrangements for consulting the commandos, and it is expected that some three weeks must elapse before further communications from them can reach the Government, we are not yet out of the wood. But it is plain that the temper of the Boers has grown less obdurate, and that the prospect of a general surrender is by no means remote.

#### THE PRESENT POSITION IN CHINA.

THANKS partly to extraneous aid, and largely to the rivalries and jealousies of the Powers, the Chinese Government—if we may so dignify the faction which holds the seals of office at Peking—is emerging from its external embarrassments. Peace has been concluded upon terms which leave the Empress-Dowager more assertively supreme than before. Foreign Ministers have submitted to be received by her while the Emperor occupied a position of inferiority, and foreign ladies have submitted to accept her flattery and presents. Foreign garrisons have been withdrawn from the capital, and hope is held out that they will be withdrawn shortly from Tientsin. Russia promises to restore Manchuria—which she was led to occupy only because her peaceful population was attacked from different points of the frontier—notably at Blagoveschensk—provided there is no further trouble and the conduct of other Powers interposes no obstacle! Incidentally, but separately, she undertakes to withdraw even from Newchwang, as soon as the (Foreign) Provisional Government surrenders charge of Tientsin. Incidentally, indeed, the whole Russo-Chinese agreement tends to show that it is the other Powers who are the real aggressors, while Russia acted in self-defence and is at Newchwang only to balance the occupation of Tientsin. British, French and German troops remain, it is true, in garrison at Shanghai, for motives of mutual supervision and countercheck; but that only annoys the Viceroy of the Two Kiang who stood aloof from the Court in its mad emprise, and need not disturb the serenity of Peking. The Imperial Govern-

ment has been obliged to promise to pay a great indemnity, but that again will fall mainly upon provinces which took no part in the outbreak, and may be made to subserve, incidentally, the purpose of increasing the perquisites of the class for whose benefit taxpayers were created. Hitches may, of course, occur. Germany may be hindered in her purpose of vacating Tientsin by some exhibition of unwillingness on the part of the Chinese authorities to give her exclusive privileges to which she is obviously entitled, in Shantung; just as she is deterred from vacating Shanghai by the obvious need of checking the habitually exclusive tendencies of Great Britain, in the Yangtze Valley. Russia may be hindered by some fresh disturbance, or by some reprehensible act of another Power, from carrying out her purpose of withdrawal from Manchuria; or may find it necessary to maintain her railway guards (under the Russo-Chinese Bank agreement of 1896) at such a standard that her strength shall not be seriously impaired. There can never be absolute reliance that even the best-laid schemes will not "gang a-gley". Broadly speaking, however, China is in a fair way to obtain relief once more from the presence of foreign occupation, and has a fresh opportunity of carrying out reforms upon which her salvation depends.

There seems a good gambling chance, even, that the foreigners whom she has undertaken to indemnify may be persuaded to supply her with funds for the purpose; for that would certainly be one immediate effect of doubling the tariff—what countervailing advantages soever we may secure in exchange. And it may be useful, in that connexion, to recall that the very advantages of free and unhampered inland transit which Sir James Mackay proposes to purchase for 15 per cent. were secured to us (on paper), at a cost of 7½ per cent., by Art. 28 of the Treaty of Tientsin. His projects are more drastic certainly, but the principle appears to be the same. Various causes have combined to defeat Lord Elgin's intention; sentimentality at one time and apathy at another on the part of our own Government; evasiveness on the part of the Chinese; but above all the fact that it diverted, into the coffers of the Imperial Customs, revenue—in the shape of the 2½ per cent. commuted transit duty—which belongs by right and custom to the provincial exchequers. Deprived of their transit dues, the provincial authorities recouped themselves either by re-collecting them, in defiance of the treaty, or by terminal taxation; and the same thing will happen again unless Sir James Mackay discovers some effective method of ensuring that they shall be satisfied out of the contemplated 15 per cent. before it passes into the Imperial maw. For Chinese provinces are, it is important to remember, fiscal and administrative units, and it may be doubted whether even the drastic project of requiring the abolition of lekin barriers will prevent the officials from resorting to devious devices, unless they are compensated for the dues which they are required to forego. For not even provincial governments can be carried on without money; and inland dues are an important item of Chinese provincial resources. The necessity, on the other hand, for facilitating the movement of produce can be clearly inferred from the reflection that it is only by increasing her exports that China can meet her indebtedness, and that the effect of her obligatory remittances has already been to depress the gold price of her silver so far as to add another Tls. 3,000,000 to the service of her debt. Writing on the 26 February last the Shanghai correspondent of the "Times" remarked that "a clear-sighted and energetic policy in China would long since have appointed British representatives of high standing and administrative experience to advise and support the viceroys in introducing those financial and civil reforms which they recognise as necessary, but for which, in the absence of such support, initiative is lacking". The need for such a policy was urged, some three years ago, in the "Fortnightly Review", in a series of articles emphasising precisely the necessity for accounting with the provincial authorities which we have been concerned to restate; and there can be little hesitation in affirming that upon the complete appreciation of this point the success or failure of the commercial scheme will largely depend.



This relative independence of the provincial administrations helps to explain many difficulties. We persist in negotiating with Peking as though it represented an authority as highly centralised as Berlin. But if the conditions we exact trench on the prerogative of the provinces, they quietly set themselves to sterilise the provision. Complaint is general that, after forty years, the stipulation of the Treaty of Tientsin regarding transit of merchandise inland is defeated at every turn. We have seen lately, in published communications from Shanghai, how the Viceroy of Nanking has been annoyed by our negotiating with the Imperial authorities about the conservancy of the Shanghai river which is within his jurisdiction and is his concern. Provincial independence explains much of the irritation caused by the taxation that has been imposed to meet the indemnity. The inhabitants of provinces which remained tranquil consider it a grievance that they should be taxed to satisfy the demands of foreigners in respect of disturbances in which they had no share. The financial difficulty is, in fact, not the least grave among the many by which China is beset. The cost of modern armaments and modern indemnities cannot be met by mediæval systems of finance; and if it were less wildly rash to predict anything at all about a country where old men fly kites while youths look on, one might be disposed to surmise that financial exigencies must compel financial reform. For the annoyance caused by the extra taxation is not measurable by the amount actually required. Allusion has been made to the consolation which Peking placemen find in increased opportunities for peculation. The opportunity extends to the provinces, and the resentment of the taxpayer is aggravated by the knowledge that a large percentage of his contribution sticks to the hands through which it has to pass.

The system of government in China has been defined as autocracy tempered by the right of rebellion; and rebellion is, in fact, a contingency with which the Imperial Government has always to count. Frequently the explosion is local and due to a local cause; and the very system of provincial independence enables it to put down a rising in one province by the help of another. The Taiping rebellion, which originated in the South, was defeated by troops recruited in the Yangtze Valley. And we see the Viceroy of Canton appealing again, now, for help to put down an insurrection which he is unable to control, in Kwang-se. Unrest is so prevalent in China that the tendency is to dismiss news of such outbreaks as unimportant; and it is quite possible that the Kwang-se trouble may shortly be extinguished by the summary methods which Chinese officials willingly employ. It is notorious, however, on the other hand, that Kang Yi and the reform movement with which he was identified commanded wide sympathy in the Two Kwang, where irritation at the supersession of the Emperor and the assumption of the Empress Dowager is extreme. It was alleged, indeed, so long ago as October last, that a lengthy memorial had recently been sent up by the literary classes and gentry of these provinces to Si-ngan, urging that the Emperor should be allowed to return alone to Peking, and hinting not obscurely that South China would otherwise rise.

There can be no doubt that the actual issue has caused keen disappointment, though whether the present outbreak is to be regarded as post or propter it would be rash to surmise. It is certain however that distrust of the Empress' sincerity is widespread. She finds it politic, for the moment, to re-enact decrees for advocating which she beheaded and degraded the best men in the Empire in 1898; but there does not appear to be, outside of Peking, much pretence of belief that her heart is in the reforms which the best of the provincial magnates recognise as essential to the salvation of the Empire. It is through the medium of the provincial authorities working in sympathy with Japan that the best hope for the future lies.

#### CLAMOUR AGAINST EDUCATION.

THE "dissidence of dissent" has burst forth with a vengeance over the Education Bill. It presented its most unlovely aspects in the meetings of the "Free

Churches" and the Liberation Society. For sheer unreason, narrowness of view, arrogance, the ignoring of any opinions but their own, and their indifference to the real questions of education which the Bill raises, nothing can surpass the speeches made by these irreconcilables and fanatics. The display was of course not unexpected. It was as assuredly predictable as the chill, ungenial, withering and devitalising east winds of March, and it has come without causing any surprise. That is a very important consideration for the Government and those who support its education policy as in the main sound. They knew what was coming and now it has come it has no new significance. At these meetings where there has been so much stale declamation about priestcraft, and so many mock heroics about freedom, there was hardly a word spoken that was of the least value as a contribution to the many difficult questions which the attempt to reconstruct our educational system must necessarily raise. As an education scheme the Bill was hardly taken into account, and the gist of the whole proceedings may be put in a few words: "We have got what we want; if you have not, then by the shades of Oliver Cromwell and John Milton we intend you shall not get it!" What is evident from these outbursts of sectarian and political hatred is that the time for argument has gone by. All the arguments for the right of denominational schools to form part of the national system of education, and the opposing arguments which vehemently protest against this right as an infringement in some mysterious way of the religious and political liberties of nonconformists, have now become simply an irrelevant consideration in the history of the question. War is declared, said some of the speakers at the St. James' Hall meeting. That was about the only sensible declaration made, and in accordance with it reason was left out of account, and hatred and defiance of the enemy were alone heard. It is war—war to a finish between two sets of ideas; one party protesting its right to continue its schools with public support, the other determined that all schools so supported shall have no other form of religious teaching than that arrived at by eliminating all specific beliefs of Christianity, until an irreducible minimum of nonconformist no-theology is reached about which they can agree, not because they only believe so much but because by so doing they can express and emphasise their hostility to their traditional antagonist the Established Church of England.

The nonconformists say the war has broken out because the Episcopal party is bent on destroying the compromise of 1870 and has fired the first shot with the Education Bill. In every war there is always a deal of nonsense talked about firing the first shot and fixing the responsibility of the war on the party charged with it. If the Bill is to be considered as the first shot there is the history of the last thirty-two years during which the nonconformist and School Board theory of education has been acquiring more and more predominance, and its policy of the destruction of denominational schools becoming constantly more evident. The Church became alive to the danger in the administration of the Mr. Acland who wrote the extremely verbose and conspicuously superfluous letter in the "Times" of Tuesday last. At the meetings of nonconformists during the week the creation of a universal system of non-denominational schools involving the destruction of all but the School Board model was declared to be the objective of the nonconformist future. Mr. Acland is, and always has been, a tool for subserving their purposes. He has lent himself willingly to it. He got into public life by accommodating himself to their party and sectarian prejudices. In his Yorkshire constituency it was the School Board element, hostile of malice prepense to the Church in all public action, through which he secured his election, and he sold himself completely to that party. His air of detachment and responsibility as a former Minister of Education is deceptive and insincere. Mr. Acland is no more competent to consider fairly the Education Bill of the Government than are Dr. Guinness Rogers and Dr. Clifford. He is not less partisan than either. He entered public life with the aid of such men, he carried out

their ideas for them while he was in office, and if the time should come again when his political fortune should, as surprisingly as it did at first, reward his inconspicuous merit, he would again be their humble instrument because he would owe everything to them. What are his ideas of "a more reasonable compromise than that proposed under the Bill"? A representation on the management of denominational schools which should be seven-eighths or nine-tenths. Insincerity is writ large over the letter. Neither he nor his friends intend compromise. They have no terms which will permit the existence of denominational schools side by side with undenominational schools. Mr. Acland in his letter, and the frenzied speakers at the St. James' Hall meeting, for form's sake exercised themselves over the defects of the Bill on its secondary education portion, and they criticise some other provisions which we ourselves have previously pointed out as not being the best way of dealing with these subjects. We demurred to the plan for religious education under the Bill: but we did not for a moment suppose that either the alternative plan we described, or any other basis of accommodation, could be accepted by the irreconcilables who do not intend compromise but a surrender to them on their own terms.

That is the potent element in the situation. It makes all discussion and argument on educational grounds, or on grounds of justice and fairness, absolutely useless: and leaves for the supporters of the principle of the Education Bill no question but the simple one of the best means by which their own views of right and justice can be achieved. What may be expected from Mr. Acland and his friends may be judged from his astounding argument that if the provisions as regards elementary education are forced through as they stand, "they will leave behind a permanent sense of inequity, and an unwillingness to pay their share on the part of a large portion of the community". The man is an impossible controversialist who can deliberately write these words. Inequity is glaring on the face of the present arrangement under which supporters of voluntary schools, who are taunted with desiring to avoid paying their share, pay not only their own but the shares of nonconformist School Board champions of religious and political freedom. We will not attempt to discriminate whether it is ignorance or insincerity that is responsible for his pretence that the creation of a public zeal for education depends on the retention of the School Board system. It is either one or the other. He must know that this system has during thirty years proved that it adapts itself to all kinds of political and sectarian objects and intrigue, but that it has utterly failed to create interest in education amongst parents and the people generally. But these are argumentative points, and our whole object at present is to insist on the fact that discussion with the irreconcilables is irrelevant and useless. It has become a question whether the Government and its supporters are to insist on finding a place for their views in the education of the country, or to submit to the triumph of nonconformist and secular views of education. In the optional form of the Education Bill this unavoidable contest is not raised in Parliament itself as it ought to be, but is left to be fought out in an interminable series of local agitations modelled on the St. James' Hall demonstration. That is a profound mistake. Mr. Acland professes to know that the Government have realised that a compulsory Bill is impossible. This statement is on a par with the rest of his letter. Nothing would more stimulate supporters of the Government than to know that it had decided on making the Bill compulsory.

#### "SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF."\*

ONCE upon a time there was a great newspaper, which appeared daily, and ran every day through many successive editions. Now it happened on occasion, when the country whose doings were chronicled in the newspaper was at rest and there were neither wars nor rumours of wars, that the editor of the news-

paper, and the assistant editors, and the leader-writers and the special correspondents, and even the occasional contributors, would go into the country, and leave the management of the newspaper, as the custom of the office was, to the police-court reporter and the printer's devil. Then the police-reporter would "let himself go" on midnight murders or the latest suburban tragedy, the printer's devil would fill up the columns with cheap witticisms and shilling shockers all out of his own head: and the country subscribers would for a season cease to be bored with political leaders, foreign intelligence and special articles of an instructive character.

These things are a parable. The newspaper is the human mind. The editor and his staff are the controlling intellectual faculties, or, in the language of physiology, the higher cortical centres: the far country to which they periodically betake themselves is the land of sleep: our nightly dreams are typified by the vagaries of the reporter and the office boy.

A newspaper in the body politic plays much the same part as consciousness in the body corporeal. Each aims at representing, in due proportion, all the manifold activities of the organism. The leading articles typify the higher intellectual operations: the foreign intelligence corresponds to our relations with our fellows in the business of waking life: the minor activities of the will and the senses find their parallel in the dramatic and literary criticism, the domestic intelligence and the correspondence. The vast inarticulate mechanism which underlies and sustains the whole of the national life; the organisation of labour and commerce, the fabric of laws and social order; all these find but scanty representation in the large print: just as the healthy man in his waking hours knows little of the processes of digestion, circulation or breathing. The newspaper and the human mind alike ignore as far as possible these primitive activities, because they can go on of themselves, and the strictly limited field of intelligence is required for chronicling the ever-changing relations with the outside world. Not only so, but the serial story and the bulk of the correspondence have to be cut out, and the minor items of intelligence rigidly pruned. As either organism, the individual or the national, grows to maturity, the editorial functions consist more and more in a ruthless selection from the innumerable events clamouring for representation.

Dreams, therefore, from the standpoint of psychophysiology are the product of the lower brain centres, released for the moment from the constant check exercised upon them in waking hours, by those parts of the brain which correspond to the rational faculties. In the light of this analogy it is not difficult to see that dreams fall under two main heads: they must either be, like the police reports, the melodramatic and exaggerated representation of a sensation of the moment: or, like the romance of the printer's devil, they must come out of our own heads—they must be attributed to the gradual unrolling, persistent alike through sleep and through our waking hours, of the ever-lengthening chain of associated ideas. In either case their apparent importance is due to the absence of more urgent occupation. The slight digestive disturbance which is the parent of a monstrous brood of nightmares, the slight feeling of chill which transports us in our slumbers to arctic seas, would pass unnoticed in the daytime; just as the clank and clash of shunting trains, which form an unregarded element in the vast complex of noises which assails our ears in the day, assume hideous distinctness at night when other sounds are stilled.

In a recently published volume Mr. Horace Hutchinson has given the results of his labours in the collection of dream stories. Let it be premised that most of the narratives here published appear to be more trustworthy than the stories commonly told by golfers in their leisure moments. They are indeed for the most part plain statements of fact. Mr. Hutchinson finds that there are several kinds of dreams which have, in the language of botany, a wide distribution. Amongst the most frequent of these typical dreams are the falling dream: the flying dream: the dream of appearing in public inadequately clothed: the dream of powerlessness to fly from some threatening danger; and the dream, probably akin to the last, of being unable to pack one's clothes before a journey, or make needful preparations for a party.

\* "Dreams and their Meanings." By Horace G. Hutchinson. London: Longmans. 1901. 9s. 6d. net.



Dreams like these no doubt originate in our perception of some muscular movement, some changes in the organic rhythms, attendant on the process of going to sleep. The dream of falling, for instance, may, it has been suggested, be started by some change in the heart's action, or in the respiration. A more alluring though less plausible explanation traces such dreams to the survival of an ancestral fear, dating from the time when our forefathers slept in trees and occasionally, like Humpty Dumpty, had a great fall. So, to pass—no great traverse, after all—from dreams to madness, in agoraphobia, the fear of open spaces, which is one of the most singular of those fixed ideas which occasionally mark the decay of our mental faculties, some writers have discerned the dim memory of a terror which must have continually beset our remote ancestors when cover was scarce and enemies were ruthless. The dream of inadequate clothing may most simply be explained as the result of the unusual feeling of our own naked limbs. We suddenly find, like our first parents, that we are naked, and, dream-fashion, we find a drama on the discovery. It is odd that Mr. Hutchinson, who discusses at some length the origin of this almost universal dream, does not even consider such an obvious explanation. So if the bedclothes slip off we dream of Alpine ascents or Polar seas: or if our side is benumbed by pressure, we may conceive ourselves bedfellow to a corpse.

In dreams we revert to a more primitive stage of consciousness. The heavy deposits of our later years are swept away as by a geological cataclysm, and infantile strata again come to the surface. Thus childish habits of thought and long-forgotten fragments of knowledge sometimes reappear. An interesting illustration of this revival of past impressions, which has apparently escaped Mr. Hutchinson, has lately been furnished by Professor Jastrow of Wisconsin. He has shown that, though those born blind naturally cannot even dream of seeing, persons who have become blind after childhood (the critical period being apparently the seventh year) can in their dreams continue to exercise the faculty of vision until late in life.

When the sun goes down the stars can be seen to shine; but the stars were shining all the time. So, many things which have impressed themselves upon our senses, but not on our mind, come to the front in dreams, when there are no more vivid images to pale their light. In this way no doubt may be explained the numerous instances in which the hiding-place of jewels, documents and other lost properties have been revealed to the despairing seeker in dreams. At the time of the loss the eyes had noted where the jewel had fallen, but the higher regions of the brain, preoccupied at the moment with matters of graver import, had found no space to record the sight. When those higher centres are off duty and have thus ceased to monopolise our attention, the lower cells, which had all along faithfully performed their part, are able to deliver their long-delayed message. Of such dream treasure-trove Mr. Hutchinson has many examples to give.

But he makes short work of many marvellous stories. We are, he shows, but a puny folk in dreams after all. Our witticisms are of the cheapest kind, such as would hardly move a schoolgirl to mirth: our poetry, with the striking exception of "Kubla Khan", the veriest doggerel; our most brilliant ideas mere aimless vapouring. Dreams, in short, are marked generally by a lower temperature, moral and intellectual. We are not unduly puffed up, though in dreams we may float in the air above our fellows: we look upon murder as one of the fine arts, and are remorseful only if we fail to stick our friend with scientific precision; we appear in public in a costume whose conspicuous absence calls loudly for the police, and we own a feeling merely of a slight social disadvantage, as of one whose tie should be set awry. We may be hanged, strangled, shot or guillotined, and find all endings alike monotonously painless.

But not all the riddles of the Sphinx have yet been solved by modern psychology. Savage tribes have founded their belief in the soul and the future life on visions seen in sleep: it is a belief older than Homer that in dreams the gods speak with men. Perhaps not all dreams are summarily to be dismissed as the

mere refuse of our waking thoughts. May it not be that a power more august stands behind the editorial chair, ready on occasion to slip into the vacant seat, and thence deliver its oracles? So men have believed: so some men believe still. At any rate Mr. Hutchinson, with the help of the records of the Psychological Research Society, which have, we are given to understand, been placed at his disposal for the purpose, makes out some case for believing in dreams telepathic and even in dreams prophetic. The stories which he quotes under this head are weird, fascinating and dramatic—perhaps even too dramatic. The suspicion will intrude itself that sometimes the imagination has not confined its activities to the actual dream experience. However this may be, the belief that in dreams we may catch here and there faint echoes from a larger life than the little life of man, a belief consecrated by long tradition, has received in recent times the unqualified support of men like the late Frederic Myers, and has been regarded as not unworthy of serious examination by his colleague, Henry Sidgwick. Perhaps the erudite German who first classified dreams into "Nervenreizträume" and "Associationsträume" did not exhaust all the possible categories.

#### GIRLS' BOOKS.

IT is a pleasure to escape from "the shock, the hum" of educational controversy to something that really affects education, something that has to do with the up-bringing of boys and girls, that goes to make them good or bad, feeble or happy. If our Parliament-folk and worthy members of School-Boards, "M.L.S.B." as our London specimens love to subscribe themselves on every possible occasion, could understand what Bishop Creighton meant when he said he never read an educational treatise in his life but had observed, we should hear less about education and have much more of it. Let them study their own children; let them consider girls' stories, for instance, as to which two correspondents, the Duchess of Sutherland and the Rev. G. M. A. Hewett, a Winchester master, have lately written to us the most refreshing things. We should not dare to say that Mr. Hewett had never read an educational treatise, and perhaps we ought not to say it of the Duchess of Sutherland, but both these letters show exactly the spirit of Creighton, the spirit of the living observer as against the political machinist. To the one a child is a living soul, to the other he is a "school-place", an algebraic sign. For such as these latter the girls' book question has no attraction, for these are pleasure books, and girls read them when they are not sitting on a form in front of a locker; so what can they have to do with education? That these books undoubtedly do affect girls, and affect them precisely because they are read for pleasure and not for lessons, is the other side of the matter which appeals to such as Bishop Creighton and our two correspondents.

Hero-worship is rooted in child-nature; girls and boys equally cannot live without a hero, or at any rate cannot live happily without one. With them it is just the reaching after the ideal, which in the child-mind neither disillusion nor degeneracy has had time to choke, and to the child-mind can appeal only in a concrete form. Therefore the hero is not a luxury but a necessity, and his influence is correspondingly deep on the child's career. Caterers for boys have long ago perceived this and have crowded their boys' books with valiant attractive lads, bold brave men, splendid performances and astounding dangers. Even the bad people are filled in with a good firm brush; their faults are the faults of qualities. They are wicked but not miserably or morbidly wicked. And the effect of these books on boys is that of a nice-tasting tonic. That the good people and bad people alike are unlike human beings is no matter whatever. Children, unless poor little crammed precocities, are not introspective. They do not consciously consider themselves, and have no idea what their nature is like. That what is called a boy or a girl in the book is not a boy or a girl thus does not at all disturb them. So long as the thing described shows the signal qualities they can understand and admire, they have all they

want ; we say admire advisedly, approve would be a false word to use. And so boys from time immemorial have got along very well. But the hapless girls ? We mean by that real girls, not young women of any age up to 45, provided only that they are not married. Why has their hero-worshipping instinct, which is as strong and as healthful in girls as in boys, been shut in to prey upon itself for want of a better object ? Only those girls have escaped, fortunately a very large number, who habitually have read boys' books to the scorn and dismissal of all stories for girls. Of course it would not matter at all, if there were none but boys' books ; for we agree absolutely with the Duchess of Sutherland that "books for boys appeal to girls because they appeal to boys, and for no other reason". That would be reason enough for anybody but a publisher ; but he is nothing if not symmetrical ; and as there are well-recognised "Boys' Books" so there must be "Girls' Books". And so the stupid convention grows up. Unfortunate authors are instructed to write for girls, which they naturally take to mean something the opposite of what they write for boys. Therefore all the strength and freshness that makes the boys' story go strong is scrupulously avoided and sentiment and drivel takes its place.

Truly a hard case is that of the writer of stories for girls. What is she to do ? Her employers' assumption seems to be that the average girl is a fool. It is true she might remember that if the average girl is a fool, she only closely resembles her brother, so that there the writer need see no ground whatever for differentiating her story from that for boys. But that does not seem to strike her ; therefore, precluded from all the large things that occupy the boys' pages, voyage, venture, vigour of heart and limb, deeds of daring, straightforward scrapes, sports and open-air life, she is shut up to the conclusion that if she is to write for girls she can only write about girls. Perhaps she comforts herself with the theory that, if the proper study of mankind is man, girl is the proper study of girl. But she should remember that it is not a study book she is doing at all. It may be right, when you have attained maturity, to study yourself, whether as an object lesson, a penance, or by way of scientific inquiry, but to do it for pleasure is never excusable, and can only result in morbid self-conceit. It just means that you become your own hero. Precisely the result these books, presenting merely girls for girls' observation, produce on their readers. So that the hero-worshipping instinct starves. What is there to take a vigorous little maiden of fourteen out of herself in stories about "The Youngest Girl in the School" "The Awakening of Helena Thorpe" "Three Fair Maids" "Cynthia's Bonnet Shop" "Four Everyday Girls" "Seven Maids" "Sisters Three" and all the endless permutations and combinations of school-girls ? The plain truth is that the unfortunate writers of such books simply can't make a good child's story out of the materials to which they are condemned. No one could. It would be very easy to make a book of girls both interesting and good reading for grown-ups ; for the psychology of school-girlhood is entirely worth observation ; but it then becomes an analytical study which no decent boy or girl could tolerate for a moment. The materials are so limited that the writer of necessity falls back on the love theme, thinking that here at any rate she is on solid girls' ground. "Helena Thorpe" awakens to love for an elderly adorer for whom she had only felt friendship. That is the "awakening of Helena Thorpe". What strong stuff for a child's appetite ! Had it been a story of early rising, its effort, the glories of nature once you are out really early, with a picture of a hare drinking the dew out of a tulip cup in the garden, when only the heroine was up to see it, with pillow-fights and other romps thrown in, it would have been a fair children's story ; but the awakening from friendship to love for an elderly admirer ! And the disastrous thing about all these stories is that the bad characters afford no certain relief. Now in a boy's story, if the good boy is sometimes a bore, the bad one is always more or less attractive. But what relief is there in the black sheep of the girls' school whose crown of iniquity is to sit at an open window and talk to passing boys ? Often

too, the kind of badness ascribed to girls is that petty malice which it sickens to read about, when the choice between the good and the bad girl, to put it in a school-girl's words, is the choice between a little fool and a little beast.

Is it strange that all the best girls have been brought up on boys' books, and that every girl would read them if she could ? There will never be a better girls' book than "Tom Brown's School Days".

#### DRURY LANE, AND WYNDHAM'S.

IT were beyond my ingenuity to prove "Ben-Hur" a good play. I should shrink even from the task of proving it a bad or an indifferent play. It is not, from any obvious point of view, a play at all. However, it is an enormous success. For, though it panders not to the dramatic instinct, it satisfies fully, and in a new and startling way, three other instincts which are, perhaps, more strongly rooted in our populace.

Firstly, the sporting instinct. For this there is a chariot-race, with real chariots and real horses, which, if you look straight at them, really do seem to be rushing across the stage. The illusion is very cleverly contrived. To me, personally, it does not give any special delight. If I want to see a race, I prefer to see a real race. There is, in my opinion, a place for everything. There is a place for galloping horses, and a place for men and women quietly walking and talking. There is a race-course, and there is the stage of a theatre. I do not like the two places to be confused. If I were at Newmarket, and found that the course had been cleared merely in order that Mr. Arthur Collins might thereon "present Klaw and Erlanger's stupendous production of Ben-Hur", I should lodge a complaint with the Stewards. Conversely, at Drury Lane, I wished the horses away and asleep in distant stables. But the public does not share my views of local propriety. It loves nothing so well as to see something, which might be done quite easily in one place, being done despite terrific obstacles in another. The fact that the thing can always be done much better in the one place than it ever could be done in the other subtracts nothing at all from the public's innocent pleasure. Ingenuity against the nature of things : that is what most surely tickles the average Englishman. He likes to see a real race on a race-course. But an artificial race across a stage transports him, at one bound, into the seventh heaven.

Then, secondly, there is "Ben-Hur's" appeal to the religious instinct. Throughout the play are many references to the Founder of our faith, and in one scene we have the actual representation of a miracle. Two lepers kneel down ; a powerful flash-light is turned on them from above ; presently, they rise from their knees, cleansed. This mode of representation is to me, certainly, unimpressive. But I do not go so far as to call it objectionable. I have always maintained that from drama sacred subjects should no more be excluded than from literature, or from painting, or from other art forms. Holding this view, I cannot object to a form of religious drama merely on the plea that it seems to me cheap and ludicrous. Temperaments and tastes differ. What touches religious emotion in one man leaves another man quite cold. Some of us are unaffected by the crude tract or gaudy chromolithograph which really does edify our neighbours. But we do not therefore brand such a tract or chromolithograph as an offence against piety. Its meaning we know to be reverent, and its effect we know to be, in many cases, edifying. Such a production as "Everyman", given to us by the Elizabethan Stage Society, touches religious emotion in you or me, making no friction against our æsthetic sensibilities. But let us remember that it would produce little or no effect on the inæsthetic multitude, for whom, not less than for us, the Christian religion was founded. We have no more right to protest against the scene of the lepers in "Ben-Hur" than would the inæsthetic multitude have to protest against "Everyman", or against the Madonnas of Botticelli, or against the writings of John Henry Newman. Different kinds of religious art edify different kinds of people. And there, it seems to me, is an end of the matter.



The third appeal of "Ben-Hur" is to the instinct of loyalty. Not long ago, I was considering here the well-known fact that an increase in the booking for a theatre follows, as the night the day, a visit paid to that theatre by a member of the royal family. That the King should visit Drury Lane and witness the performance of "Ben-Hur" was no improbable or strange contingency. But, by a flash of genius in the management, the visit has been invested with a peculiar and compelling glamour. On the morrow of the visit, it was known in every corner of His Majesty's dominions that a special royal box had been constructed in the centre of the pit, and that from this coign of vantage His Majesty had graciously watched the procedure of the chariots and horses. Did ever the work of mortal playwright receive such an advertisement as that? Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, in his day, suggested that we used royalty too frequently as a means of pushing this or that ware without inquiring whether it were a ware worthy of "our best self", might, were he living at this hour, have been tempted to smile and be unkind. But Mr. Arnold was notoriously superfine, and England hath no need of him. If royal boxes in the future be hastily constructed in the gallery, or even suspended from the ceiling, according to the nature of the production, we shall have no right at all to cavil. If there be any possible objection to them, let it be made not by us, but by their august occupants. Meanwhile "Ben-Hur" will be an irresistibly magnetic attraction.

Some weeks ago, I read that the author of the forthcoming play at Wyndham's Theatre was a very well-known novelist. Later, when his name was revealed, I chid myself for a grovelling ignorance. My self-respect returned after fruitless efforts to find anyone who *had* heard of Mr. J. Dudley Morgan. I conjectured that the name was a pseudonym, taken as a shade against that light which beats yet more fiercely and impertinently on the playwright than on the novelist. The play itself presently confirmed the conjecture. I would wager that Mr. J. Dudley Morgan is a lady.

One reason for my belief is that the heroine of the play is a lady who writes clever novels. I know no instance of such a heroine in a play or book written by a man. A clever man (and does not the writing of any book or play postulate some degree of cleverness?) does not like the notion of a lady novelist. He does not necessarily choose as heroine a pretty and helpless doll. A woman may be brave and energetic, even plain, without alienating his sympathy. But cleverness he resents in her, and a talent for writing he resents especially, as a trespass on his own ground. It never occurs to him to make her his heroine. If he trust himself to speak of her at all, he treats her as a butt for mere satire. This balance of injustice is redressed, however, by the self-same quality which has caused it—the quality of egoism. When a lady writes a play or a book, her natural instinct is to make a writer her heroine. And so, as soon as the author of "The End of a Story" revealed to us the cottage of Miss Eleanor Murray, the successful novelist—a little cottage at Stratford-on-Avon, with many tokens of its owner's love for flowers, and birds, and music—I knew that if, subsequently, the author were called forth, the apparition would be feminine. Unluckily, when the curtain fell, the audience did not insist on any apparition, and so my evidence is merely circumstantial.

My case, however, does not rest merely on the presentment of the heroine. It is upheld also by the general quality of the play. The main idea of the play is that the blameless daughter of a woman who has led an irregular life is unfit for marriage with a decent man. Mr. Wyndham, as emotional raisonneur, propounds this idea, and but for its acceptance there were no material for the play. Even the mother herself is induced to accept it, and consequently to commit suicide. By this rash act, apparently, the taint of irrespectability is purged away from the daughter, and a happy ending is secured. This kind of tritely false and stagey tale, you argue, is as likely to be conceived by a male as by a female novice in dramaturgy. True; the novice of either sex is almost always reactionary. But the male novice is always clumsy in his technique, whereas the female, in virtue of her quicker adaptability,

will set forth her ready-made materials in quite presentable form. "The End of a Story", though not a masterpiece of skill, is decidedly neat and well put together. Such technical competence could not have been acquired by a man without years of practice. And he, in the lapse of those years, would have developed some originality, some sincerity of observation. Clearly, then, this play cannot have been written by a man. I hope that the lady who wrote it will, when she comes to years of keener discretion, write a really interesting play. The trouble is that women, however nimble their aptitude for dramaturgy, do so seldom reach the stage of seeing, or thinking, or feeling, for themselves. . . . But I must not risk a charge of exemplifying that ungracious jealousy which I have attributed to other penmen.

Mr. Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, and Mr. Alfred Bishop play as delightfully as ever in their several manners. But the signal thing in the production is the return of Mrs. Bernard Beere to the stage. It is well to be reminded how fine an actress she is. MAX.

#### MUSICAL REPUTATIONS REVISED.

WHEN I mildly complained the other day of the calm assumption that three of a certain critic's friends, Mackenzie, Stanford, Parry, were the latest and almost the greatest things in music, and when I protested against this assumption, it had not occurred to me to what an extent the habit of bestowing rash and indiscriminate praise on undeserving persons prevailed in the past in this country. It prevailed to an amazing extent last century, and to a slightly smaller extent the century before; and in consequence to-day we are cumbered with a huge mass of tradition that the strongest and most independent of us finds hard to shake off and that fairly crushes the judgment of such weaklings as the gentleman who writes in the "Times". Not only do we fail to see the line of our earlier composers in perspective, but it seems impossible to form any notion of the relative worth of any two of them. In press notices, in biographies, in encyclopædias, we still find the ancient babble: "our splendid stores of Church music" and so on; and a society which has amongst its objects to show how great a man was poor, thin, wan, washed-out old Arne can find a certain measure of support—sadly limited, happily. There is no harm in opinions, of course, so long as they simply refer to the past. But when because of these opinions referring to the past—no longer called opinions but facts, and facts to be taken on the strength of goodness knows what "authorities"—we are asked to accept certain men as the legitimate heirs of the so-called great men of the past, and to believe that only on certain lines can anything fine and new be done in the present, then it is time not only to protest as I did recently against this ancient miserable nonsense, but to set to work to build up a fresh and true picture of things. That cannot be done in one article; and I don't think it can be done by one man. But to-day I set out on the adventure, trusting that others will take up the matter. I do not dream of writing a history of English music in the columns of this Review; I do wish hastily to scan the far-away past, then to deal in greater detail with the men who stand nearer to us, and last to draw certain inferences. This will require several articles, of which this is the first. My late essay on the three most-favoured children was in the nature of a depreciation. But now there shall be little depreciation (in the vulgar sense). When I come to deal with the recent and present men I shall endeavour merely to appreciate what they have done.

In the beginning, then, was the early English school which culminated with Byrde and Tallis. Both were magnificent musicians of whom we may well be proud. Then after the Restoration came Dr. Blow and Purcell. In splendour of invention and musicianship—real musicianship, not capacity for mathematics—Purcell stands to Blow in about the same relation as Byrde stands to Tallis. The truly big men were Byrde and Purcell: they achieved the stuff that will stand for ever and ever, that at least will stand as long as anything thought by the human brain, felt by the human heart, achieved with human hands, can stand. Should certain

things of Tallis, and certain things of Blow, be lost the world would be distinctly poorer. But the loss of the best things of Purcell and of Byrde would be an irreparable loss: it would be like the loss of a play of Æschylus or Shakespeare or one of Artemus Ward's best jokes. So up to the time of Handel's arrival in this country we had produced at least two musicians of the very first rank, men who must be ranked with the greatest of the Germans. After this period we must needs examine all our composers' work with the greatest care. Arne, for instance, wrote some quite good stuff. Did he ever write a new and perfect phrase? Never: he was an imitator and hardly anything but an imitator; and nothing of his would be remembered to-day—with the possible exception of his setting of "Where the Bee Sucks"—if he had not happened to attach himself to the irrepressible undying patriotic sentiment of the true-born Briton by finding a tune for "Rule, Britannia". Arne must be placed amongst the men who hardly count in their art, who never did a thing that deserved to live on its own intrinsic qualities or suggested a new idea to the next generation. He had his merits: let us admit them. But to admit them is not to place him amongst the immortals. I will, for the moment, make no effort to preserve chronological order, but deal with Balfe, Bishop and Wallace, in one handful, so to say. Balfe was the least gifted of the three: in energy and originality he stands far behind even Arne. Arne, dominated by Handel, did at times feebly essay to do something fresh; Balfe sought simply to please the public taste, a taste brought up, educated, it must be remembered, on Handel and Arne. He wrote tunes like a child and scored them like a fool: even Donizetti, that wondrous Italian success, could not score worse, though I have no doubt he often tried. Wallace is immeasurably better. But even he—is there in the whole of his work a passage which one feels to be true and lovely and at the same time his own? Again the answer must be No. He had ability, but the breath of life was not in him. Bishop must be set between Wallace and Balfe. He could not spin out a bogus web of music as Balfe could; he could not invent as well as Wallace could; but he wrote part-songs which are distinctly pleasing to-day. They sound old-fashioned, which genuine music never does, but during the ten minutes or quarter of an hour which each piece occupies we are not bored.

So here of four "illustrious" English composers there is not one who can be placed, I do not say in the first rank, but in any rank at all. To place them in any rank is as foolish as it would be to take the forgotten journalists of their period, reprint their writing and call it literature. Common journalism is not literature; and the music of this four is not fine music (there is no analogous phrase to use). But, we hear, the glory of English music is its church music. Well do I know it: an organist in the Church of England for many years could not help knowing it. I look in vain for the glory; I look in vain for any sign of greatness, any attempt at freshness; nowhere is there an indication of an original temperament, of a new feeling about human life and the things that lie outside human ken. It used to be said that our Church music is devotional; but when I inquire into the meaning of the word I find that devotional means nothing more than soothing. To be soothing is not to be noble art: there is, I believe, a certain cocoa which is said to be soothing. I can feel the devotional quality in Bach's music, in Handel's, in some of Mendelssohn's; but in English church music I find no trace of any genuine feeling whatever. The two Wesleys wrote excellent music, but, although they wrote for the Church, nature did not intend them for Church musicians. I know nothing feebler than Attwood's anthems. They consist of Handel modified by endeavours after an imitation—and a poor, far-off imitation, too—of his master Mozart's grace. They tire one, and that is all there is to be said about them, save that the musicianship is of the schoolboy sort. Goss had more invention, but it is not of a high order: his music is altogether lacking in strength: in fact it may be said to be sugary. If we tumble out of the chronological order again and go so far back as old

Greene, or come forward a little from Greene to Clark-Whitfield, one cannot find the original phrase, the original design, a hint of the original emotion, which alone can justify one in placing a man's work amongst the world's great possessions. English Church music is the dullest music in the world. Much as I admire the Wesleys, both men of prodigious talent, I cannot but think all their labours wasted. Had they been born in Germany, imbibed German ideals and acquired the German technique, there is no saying what they might have done. But the truth remains that they did nothing great. They wrote within the form of the English anthem, and the form strangled all their originality. One later man amongst the English Church musicians wrote some beautiful things, the late Sir John Stainer. His anthems are not strong; but he felt sincerely, deeply, and he could invent sufficiently to find expression for his feeling.

Since Handel's arrival here, then, neither in sacred nor in secular music do I find anything really fine up to the date of Mendelssohn's arrival. No one has ever contended that the Mendelssohn period brought forth anything good; so leaving it altogether—or nearly altogether—next week I shall deal with the composers of what has been called the Renaissance of music in England.

J. F. R.

#### INSURANCE REPORTS.

IT is many years since the Edinburgh Life Assurance Company had so large a new business to report as in 1901. In fact, if we are not mistaken, the net new sums assured have only once been greater than they were last year. The first impulse on seeing such a result is to look at the expenses with a view to detecting whether extension is being dearly paid for, although such a course is not to be expected from an office that is so well managed as the Edinburgh. When we regard the expenses as a percentage of the total premium income there is an increase of about a quarter of one per cent. as compared with the previous year, but this is more than accounted for by changes in the method of treating certain items in the accounts. When, however, we regard the expenses in relation to the extent of new business it works out at 81 per cent. of new premiums, and 8·1 per cent. of renewal premiums which is a slight improvement upon the previous year. These latter figures are almost exactly the average expenditure of British offices.

In regard to the interest earned upon the funds the chairman was able to make the very satisfactory statement that the investments made during the past year are yielding on an average something over 4½ per cent., without in any way lowering the high standard of security which the company invariably maintains.

The claims by death amounted to less than the sum expected and provided for, though they were rather heavier than usual. A quinquennial valuation will be made at the end of the present year, and a good rate of bonus may confidently be looked for. Throughout the valuation period the three principal factors of a good surplus have been maintained. An increasing new business has been done at a rate of expenditure well within the proportion set aside for expenses. The rate of interest has largely exceeded the rate assumed in valuing the liabilities, and the mortality experienced has been substantially less than the tables employed in the valuation provided for. The company has been working for close upon eighty years upon the best and soundest lines, and such results are naturally expected from it; but, even with a successful past to help it, success would not last long unless the affairs of the company were managed with exceptional ability. It is not long since certain changes in the management were made, and without suggesting any invidious comparisons it is obvious that in present circumstances the company is doing exceedingly well.

An insurance report of a different nature comes from the legal intelligence of the daily papers. The unfortunate and badly managed Absolute Life Assurance Company has at last passed into the hands of the Official Receiver, and subsequent proceedings will be watched with much interest. The position of the policy-holders is now happily secure, owing principally



to the Life Assurance Act which requires a deposit of £20,000. But for this provision it is very doubtful whether even the policies would have been paid in full. The debenture-holders rank next, and it is difficult to say whether or not they also will be paid in full. Presumably efforts will be made to obtain the return of money from various parties in connexion with transactions of a somewhat doubtful character; but however successful these various efforts may be, it is scarcely likely that the ordinary creditors will get anything, and a practical certainty that the shareholders will lose every penny they have put into the company.

There have of course been plenty of amalgamations since the Act of 1870 came into force, but at the moment we do not remember any failure of a life office in recent years of so unsatisfactory a nature as that of the Absolute, and it will consequently be more than usually interesting to see the action that will be taken by the Official Receiver and to mark the results.

The failure of a life office is much more serious than the collapse of a limited liability company of any other kind, and had it been possible to regard the Absolute as in any way typical of British life assurance, its collapse might have shaken the confidence of the public in life assurance as a whole. Successive boards of directors have, however, shown so clearly that they ignored the principles and disregarded the methods adopted by life offices as a rule, that even the most ignorant people could scarcely imagine that the Absolute was anything but fundamentally different from other British life offices.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### SHOCK TACTICS, DRESS AND EQUIPMENT OF OUR CAVALRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Alresford, Hants, 15 April, 1902.

SIR,—The excellent letter of "L. B." in the SATURDAY REVIEW of last week on the question of "Shock tactics, dress and equipment of Cavalry" may also apply to a great extent to the reorganisation of the Yeomanry regiments.

Before the war when the Yeomanry were little thought of, and the question of the abolition of what has proved a most useful force was frequently discussed, service in the Yeomanry was a very different thing from what it will be in the future, but although a certain amount has been done in the way of reorganisation, no one can say that as regards equipment, (and dress also in a lesser degree) knowledge of what will in the future be expected of them, the condition of this branch of His Majesty's auxiliary forces is satisfactory.

The name "Imperial Yeomanry" is not appropriate to regiments raised in Great Britain, and if I remember right exception was taken to it by more than one speaker in the House of Commons when the Army Estimates were being discussed last year. Mr. Brodrick seemed to consider the change of name as an honour conferred upon the Yeomanry, but I am pretty certain that a large proportion of Yeomanry officers saw in it an attempt by change of name to do away with what I may call the "cavalry idea" in the Yeomanry, and to turn them into mounted infantry. I know the Yeomanry well enough to know that if any such attempt is made the day is not far off when the force will cease to exist. A very large proportion of N.C.O.'s and troopers are men who have joined from their love of the horse and of riding; and if they are to serve as mounted infantry the ranks will very soon be seriously depleted, and as they leave, and when their reasons for leaving become known, and they certainly would be known, the difficulty of obtaining recruits would be greatly increased. I believe that an official statement that there was no intention on the part of the War Office to convert the Yeomanry into mounted infantry would do a great deal of good at the present moment. Let them remain the cavalry of the auxiliary forces, trained and armed in the future as the cavalry may be, with such modifications of drill and equipment that South African experience may suggest, remembering

as no doubt the authorities would, that all wars will not be similar to the present one. If the Yeomanry are to be of any use in the future they must be in a position to give a good account of themselves in hand to hand fighting, as it cannot be expected that they will always play a game of long bowls. It surely seems therefore, that the sword should be their second weapon, and in its use they should be carefully trained. When I say carefully trained, I do not mean that each squadron should be kept cutting the sword-exercise, or the pursuing practice for hours at a time, till a machine-like precision is reached; but that every man should be individually a master of his sword, sufficiently so to give a good account of himself in any hand-to-hand fighting he may be engaged in. Of course scouting and outpost duties cannot have too much attention given to them, but no reasons exist why, because such duties are likely to be the important ones in modern warfare, the eventuality of shock-action should be totally disregarded.

As to uniform, if khaki is really considered to be the best colour for use on active service, which "L. B." seems to doubt, then no objection can be taken to its being in the future the fighting dress of all our forces, Yeomanry included; but as long as both rank and file of the Yeomanry regiments are provided with it, and it is used also as a working dress during training, then let there be no interference with the full dress either of officers or men. Neither ranks can be expected at the conclusion of the day's work to still retain their dirty dusty khaki. A Yeomanry officer, and I write as one, is in a very different position as regards his uniform from the officer of regular cavalry. One outfit should last on an average the whole time he is in his regiment, with the exception perhaps of the ordinary serge; so that with a full-dress tunic, overalls, a mess dress, and a serge to wear in camp, I do not see that a Yeomanry officer's uniform can be thought expensive, especially considering the time it lasts him. As regards the men a smart dress kit is necessary, as brisk recruiting is not assisted by an offer to the prospective recruit to spend three weeks whether at work or in camp in khaki.

If the authorities will, with the exception of the working dress, leave the uniform question more or less, rather more than less, in the hands of the officers of the respective regiments, and pay more attention to the important question of rifle ranges, for the hire of which, in many instances, squadron and troop leaders have the privilege of paying out of their pockets, they will do more for the Yeomanry than by devoting attention to dress, and will deserve some measure of gratitude from those at present submitting to a charge as unjust as it would be if the captain of a battleship had to pay for her coal.

I enclose my card and I remain, Sir,

Yours obediently,  
A.

### "THE ROBERTS MYTH."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 April, 1902.

SIR,—I have read the article under this heading in your issue of the 12th inst. Without discussing the various considerations embraced in that article, will you permit me to ask you and your intelligent readers just one question, and that is:—Is it reasonable to expect that the qualities which go to make up a successful soldier, and the qualities which go to make up a successful departmental reformer, should necessarily be found united in one and the same man? For my part, I should regard such a combination as exceptional and improbable in the last degree.

The business of a successful soldier is to defeat his country's enemies on the field of battle; and Lord Roberts has done that. Why should we complain if he had failed—and he has not yet failed—to add to that achievement the totally different operation of reforming and reconstructing an administrative machine? This latter operation should be the duty of some person or persons possessed of the special qualities required for such an operation, aided, if necessary, by the advice of some person or persons like Lord Roberts.

If the Army Medical Department stood in need of

reconstruction, the Government would not select for that purpose the most skilful surgical operator in the country. That man's business is to cut off legs and excise morbid formations in the human body; not to reconstruct departments. Similarly, if the Great Western Railway were resolved to reconstruct its administrative system, its directors would not say to each other: Joe Smith is our best engine-driver, so he *must* be the best man to reconstruct our whole system. No, Sir, it is slovenly logic to conclude that a successful soldier must necessarily be qualified to reconstruct administrative systems. Lord Roberts has done enough for his country in defeating her enemies, without reconstructing her departments; though he may yet do that too into the bargain. I will not remind you of the pithy proverb as to the premature judgment of unfinished jobs.

PATRICK MAXWELL.

#### MR. RHODES' MANNERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Devonshire Club, St. James's, S.W., 12 April.

SIR,—You make a reference to an expression in an article of mine on Mr. Rhodes, which, when I saw it in print, seemed to me to have rather an absurd look, but was not meant to convey the egotistic meaning you assign to it. What I desired to suggest was that Mr. Rhodes did not use in conversation the art of gracious speech which is so common among cultivated men here as to be practically a universal custom, and that he had rather the attraction of blunt and direct address. The adjective "charming", as applied to him, seems to me absurd; for it described the reverse of the man's temperament, as his manner revealed it. He exercised the more potent spell of simplicity.

Yours faithfully,  
H. W. MASSINGHAM.

#### THE GLASGOW FOOTBALL ACCIDENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 Hill Street, Edinburgh, 12 April, 1902.

SIR,—Perhaps you will allow me, as one who was present at the International Football Match at Glasgow, to refer to the remarks which you make, in your issue of this date, as to the lamentable disaster which then occurred. These remarks show very considerable ignorance of the circumstances and are most unjust to spectators, officials, and players.

The vast majority of the eighty thousand spectators present did not know that any accident had occurred, nor was it possible to inform them. There were no signs of anything unusual happening, and that the dying and injured were carried across the field of play is not a fact. There was, it is true, a break in, but that is a very normal occurrence. Had the crowd got wind of such a disaster, or had they been informed of it, were that possible, a panic would in all probability have arisen among the thousands who were standing on the rest of the terracing,—with disastrous results, and possibly even the collapse of further sections of the terracing. On the other hand, had the match been stopped without the crowd having been made aware of the cause, it might have led to a serious riot with equally disastrous results. Further, thousands would have rushed to the scene of the disaster, and have greatly hampered the exertions of those who were attending to the injured and dying.

I am no admirer of professionalism in sport, but the circumstances of this disaster hardly warrant your somewhat sweeping criticisms. Nor do they form a ground for reckless accusations of "brutality" and "callousness" whether these be directed against players, officials, or spectators.

I am, yours faithfully,  
JAMES A. M. HILL.

[We have received a letter in a similar sense from Mr. James Risk of Castle Cary, Stirlingshire. According to figures, later than those which we had last week, more than 500 persons were killed or injured at the Glasgow match, and play was interrupted for 25

minutes; and yet most of the crowd were unaware. Our correspondent thinks a "serious riot" would have resulted if the match had been stopped. Does not this anticipation acknowledge callousness, even brutality?—Ed. S. R.]

#### THE DISMISSALS AT MERCHANT TAYLORS'.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Beever's letter in your issue of last week, allow me to make an important correction or rather amplification of one statement, namely, "the reason assigned being that their work was unsatisfactory". "Assigned" should be qualified by "unofficially". In fact no reason was given by the "Court", who appoint and dismiss the masters. Had they given one, an action at law would probably lie. But the head-master, who is undoubtedly the prime mover in the matter, is in the anomalous position of being able to give reasons without making himself amenable. It is contended that he did so on no real or satisfactory grounds.—Yours, &c.

ONE OF THE DISMISSED MASTERS.

#### GIRLS' BOOKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 17 April.

DEAR SIR,—The Duchess of Sutherland's early appreciation of boys' books, referred to in her letter in your last week's issue, is to be commended. There is no doubt that the excitement of adventures however impossible is healthier than that of the mild sentiment or school-girl intrigues which are the usual subjects of "girls' books". But more to be commended still is the training by which the childish mind is nourished from the beginning on the *simple* works of fine writers.

The stories of Charles Lamb, Scott and Dickens for instance are possible mental pabula for any intelligent child over eight. Children are kept back in their intellectual development by the prudery of parents, and their taste depraved from the beginning by the trash considered suitable to their years.

There is far more danger of their intelligence being dulled than of their desirable ignorance being too early enlightened. The innocent child-mind passes over what the grown-up knowledge seizes on as immoral or improper in such works as I have mentioned, while it unconsciously absorbs their beauties and is nourished by their strength.—Yours truly,

MABEL BEARDSLEY.

#### PLAY-RECITING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The fact of my being exceeding old as a playgoer, having begun under good guidance to frequent the playhouse at a very early age, may in conjunction with other things that I need not mention give me a kind of right to speak of things belonging to the drama. Naturally I have seen and heard famous reciters. I except from what I am about to say Mr. Clifford Harrison, who is *sui generis* and supreme in the line he struck out for himself and never recites a whole play. Some of these reciters stood stiffly at a reading desk, with a large book before them. Others rambled and shambled about the stage without a book and represented passion by bellowing. Yet others stood bookless in the very middle of the stage whence they never moved. Some assumed falsetto voices for the female parts, and tried to give a different voice for each part.

It was only last week at Alton that I was gratified by seeing a recital of "Hamlet" given in the only way that seems fitting. The reciter was Mr. W. Trant Fagan a young and very promising actor now playing a part in "Paolo and Francesca". I went to the Assembly Rooms in much fear and trembling for two good reasons. I knew the difficulties of "Hamlet", and I knew the difficulties of reciting a play, and that in the afternoon in cold blood. I went, then, fearful of worse than boredom. I remained to wish heartily



that I could stay to the end instead of having to leave before evening set in. For Mr. Fagan's performance of "Hamlet" I may say briefly that if he attempts the part surrounded by a well-trained company when he feels his powers sufficiently matured, it should rank with the first-rate Hamlets. However I wish now to deal with the "stage-management" so to call it.

I will describe as succinctly as I can the things which particularly struck me in this regard. Mr. Fagan did not stand at a desk; he did not stride up and down the stage; he did not keep to one place upon the stage. His movements, well-suited always to a comparatively small but excellent and well-appointed stage, followed exactly the needs of the varying scenes, and were themselves varied just enough for the different personages. He had no falsetto and no assumed voices, but the tones of his voice were changed from time to time so as to show clearly what personage was speaking without necessity for a single spoken stage-direction—at least for people at all acquainted with the play. This remarkable result was effected in a most ingenious way. The performer's "cuts" were throughout most judicious. In the special matter of which I write he omitted the greetings of those who came to see Hamlet, and made use only of Hamlet's greeting to them. Thus in Act II. scene 2, when Guildenstern and Rosencrantz appear, you see the Prince's expression change from profound melancholy to a look of surprise and then of courteous welcome as he sees the two (as you also seem to see them) and gives them greeting. Their own opening lines are omitted. I have just used the words "you seem to see them" and this is a convenient place for mentioning a curious gift possessed by Mr. Fagan. I have only observed it once before—in the case of the late John Parry. Of course acting is in itself a gift which must be constantly cultivated in the right direction. This I believe to be more an absolute gift. It is the power of making you believe when there is only one person, in modern morning or evening dress on the other side of the footlights, that there are other people, sometimes a crowd, on the stage, all of them, as the performer himself seems to be, in costume appropriate to the play. This is notable in the excellently played scene with the Ghost where in Hamlet's struggle with his followers, artistically subdued in actual fact to the needs of a recital, the whole thing is as it were flashed before your eyes, their desperate efforts to hold him back, his violent breaking away, while in the words "Go on I'll follow thee" one seems to discern the shadowy figure of the Ghost preceding Hamlet, who follows him with awed movement. The effect is perhaps more striking when one looks back upon it because at the time it seems perfectly natural. To illustrate the method used in dialogue let us take any speeches interchanged between Hamlet and Horatio. Hamlet is perhaps sitting down [there is one chair and no other furniture on the stage] and in talking gets up and gives Horatio his cue. Then with a rapid turn or rather half-turn Mr. Fagan faces the way opposite to that he has just held. His back is half-turned to the audience and he gives Horatio's speech in tones, as I have said, just changed enough to mark the difference of personality completely. I may add that there is divided tapestry instead of a door at the back of the very ordinary "drawing-room set" in which all this happens and through this the Ghost disappears. Then in a moment or two Hamlet is before us again. Of Mr. Fagan's Hamlet I can but mention a few points; that his changes from passion or grief to courteous friendship or banter are capital; that he delivers the speech "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" as a burst of pent-up passion finding its outlet before the echo of the cannon which he introduces "without" on the words "You are welcome to Elsinore" has died away; that the hysterical outburst after the Ghost's disappearance is marked both by passion and art; and that the speech to Polonius, "You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal" &c. is given, as I have always thought it should be, as an aside while Polonius is making his exit.

Believe me, yours truly,  
WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

## THE HAUNTED GIRL.

(From Idylls of Aylwin Hall.)

Scene: SNOWDON—THE HAUNTED LLYN.

[After the marriage of Henry Aylwin to Winifred Wynn, and after Rhona Boswell's lover has gone to sea, Sinfi Lovell and Rhona are standing upon the rocky ledge overhanging the llyn. Sinfi is playing a wild air and Rhona is gazing intently into the llyn, where the "Knockers" (or gnomes) are painting their pictures. Rhona is *clairvoyante* when under the influence of certain strains from the crwth, and Sinfi, who has been deeply disturbed by news of disaster having befallen Henry Aylwin (now travelling in Africa), hopes by Rhona's aid to read in the waters of the Haunted Llyn the truth about Aylwin's fate.]

SINFI.

Now that the mornin's veil o' gold grows thin  
The haunted water shines so bright and clear  
That I can see the trouts, as I stand here,  
An' see the sunlight kindlin' every fin  
To yellow an' lollo an' blue; yet Rhona's eyes  
Can read no fortunes in the Haunted Llyn  
Except her own and his, her tarno rei's.  
But if the pennin o' the dukkerin fails  
I've brought her here for nothink—here to Wales;  
I've made her leave the dell and leave the Chace  
Where, through the leaves, she still could see the  
face  
She loves the more because it's far away.  
I plays the crwth, but all her lips can say  
Is jist the words, "He'll come, he'll come pallal:  
Next summer I shall see my dear, I shall".

Red.

Young  
gentleman.  
Prophesying.

Back.

[Rhona in a kind of trance, talks in a dreamy voice about her recent parting with her lover in Gypsy Dell.

SINFI.

Her sperrit's gone, jist like a homin' dove,  
To Rington where she left her tarno rei  
The day they parted. She's in Rington Drove;  
Ah! well I knows a Romani chi in love  
Can't see no sights in water, earth or sky  
But sights o' one. She's bound in such a chain  
My crwth 'll find it hard to clear her brain.  
The knockers too 'll find it hard to throw  
True pictures on the water and to show  
The dukkeripen I wants to see and know.

Gypsy girl.

Second sight.

RHONA.

[A strange kind of smile, painful and yet coaxing, passes over her features: her eyes seem filled with tears, while she murmurs in a wheedling tone.

Big.

We'll part beside the mill-pool,—here's the stream  
Where you whipped out that splutterin' boro  
perch;  
Don't you remember what a leap an' lurch  
He gave, and druv the bleaks among the  
bream? . . .

Red.

A little further dear! See—what a gleam  
O' mornin' lollo strikes old Rington church!

[She pauses for some time—then proceeds.

A little further dear!—to that big birch  
Where fust you kissed me—O it's like a dream,  
Your goin' away: it is, it is my darlin'!  
But you'll come back at swallow time, you will!

[Again she pauses for some time: then proceeds.

Yes, here's the birch: but let's walk up the hill:  
Oh, look! A gypsy-maggie an' a starlin,  
They're meetin' on the chaw!—Good luck, you  
know  
Must follow you wherever now you go.

Water wagtail.  
Grass.

[Sinfi looks with pitying eyes upon her face, occasionally turned up to hers. After a while she changes the measure of her music to a well-known air among the Welsh gypsies, called "The Parting Ghylie", but it fails to call Rhona's spirit back from the Drove; it simply makes her thoughts move in response to the new air.

Song.

## RHONA.

Leaves. This path thro' the spinny is nearest  
Where the light, a quivering lace,  
Falls sweet through the pattinor, dearest—  
Oh ! slacken the pace.  
*[Sinfi's music now returns to the previous movement, and Rhona's chant answers to it.]*

## RHONA.

Sun. Another sign o' luck ! See every where  
All twinklin' in the kem, the blessed drops !  
Little. On hedge an' hay-field, meadow an' lea an' copse !  
A million tarno rainbows laugh in the air !  
Them cows look round with wrinkled necks to stare  
Hare. Stretched, chewin', chewin' in the buttercups,  
See ! in that furrow in the young green crops  
That crouchin' shoshu—what a one to snare !  
An' that means luck ; an' so does that sweet din  
O' blackbird, mavis, finch an' missel thrush.  
An' if the cuckoo's v'ice is rather thin,  
It's June you know !—I sees him in that bush :  
Let's go an' look, dear—plenty o' time for that—  
Lord how they hates him—linnet, finch an' chat !  
*[Sinfi again changes the measure to the "Parting Ghyllie", and again Rhona's chant responds to it ; but her mind cannot be drawn from Rington Drive.]*

## RHONA.

Let us part where the river runs clearest  
Through the shadow an' shine o' the Chace  
Where often we've angled my dearest,  
For gudgeon and dace.  
*[Sinfi returns to the previous air and again Rhona answers it by the changed movement of her chant.]*

## RHONA

*(In a still more coaxing tone.)*

You say we must part here at Rington Cross—  
Lord, how it minds me o' them snares we set,  
That day you got me that white violet  
For luck, you know : 'twur growin' in that green moss.  
Now fare ye well : it's hard to lose ye thus—  
I ain't a cryin' ; but still it's hard—an' yet  
Sweet-like, to think I've got no call to fret ;  
Good luck 'll come to you thro' Rhona's loss.  
An' here's the clisson—what you calls a curl—  
Take it an' think o' her you're leavin' here  
Till swallow-time—till swallow-time, next year  
For you'll be thought on by your Romany girl  
When baval's wel an' strike an' shake an' dirl  
The ship. Let's walk a little farther, dear.  
*[Sinfi again plays a bar or two of the "Parting Ghyllie" and again Rhona answers it.]*

## RHONA.

Camping place. You called me that mornin', my dearest,  
When you see'd me at fust in the Place—  
"Your Rhona, the best, the sincerest  
O' the Romany race"  
*[Sinfi returns to the previous air and again Rhona's chant responds to it.]*

## RHONA.

Hay. Let's take the meadow path an' smell the kas :  
How green the swathes look 'gainst them brownish  
cocks !  
Them chaps in shirt-sleeves, mowin'—an' them in  
smocks,  
Pretty. See how they're watchin' every rinkenny lass.  
*[An expression of playful humour shines through her tears.]*  
Or is it that 'ere beer-cask on the grass ?—  
I knows them gals with sunburnt cheeks an' locks  
Petticoats. An' stick-burrs in their chuffas an' their frocks,  
Tossin' them swathes an' chatterin' as we pass :  
That one a starin', leanin' on her rake,  
Is that one's sister paddlin' in the brook.  
Grass. Hark, from the standin' chaw comes "crake,  
crake, crake !" *[Her voice now breaks into sobs.]*

Now—leave me—here—behind these trees,—to  
look  
While—you walk on.

*[She totters and nearly falls into the llyn.]*

He's gone ! my heart will break.

*[She sobs bitterly in her trance]*

## SINFI.

Girl. It's hard to see a lovin' woman cry,  
If only in a dream. Well, well, I know  
A tune 'll make the heaviest-hearted chi  
Stir to the music o' the heel and toe ;  
Haymaking song. The old Kas-Kairing Ghyllie 'll change her trance—  
Summer. And make her think o' many a lennor dance  
And then, perhaps, the thought o' him 'll go.  
*[Sinfi now plays a well-known lively gypsy air—"The Kas-Kairing Ghyllie"; and at once Rhona springs away from the margin of the llyn, and begins to sing and dance to the air.]*

Hay. Sun. Make the kas while the kem says "Make it !"  
Shinin' there on meadow an' grove,  
Sayin' "You Romany chies, you take it,  
Toss it, tumble it, cock it, rake it,  
Song. Singin' the ghyllie the while you shake it  
To lennor and love."

Farmers. Hark, the sharpenin' scythes that tingle !  
See they come, the farmin' ryes !  
"Leave the dell", they say, "an' pingle !  
Gentle woman. Never a gorgie, married or single,  
Can toss the kas in dell or dingle  
Like Romany chies".  
Make the kas while the kem says "Make it !"

Grass. Bees are a-buzzin' in chaw an' clover  
Field. Stealin' the honey from sperrits o' morn  
Shoshus are leapin' in puv an' cover  
Doves are a-cooin' like lover to lover,  
Larks are awake an' a-warblin' over  
Homes. Their kairs in the corn.  
Make the kas while the kem says "Make it !"

All along the river reaches  
"Cheep, cheep, chee"—from osier an' sedge ;  
"Cuckoo, cuckoo", rings from the beeches ;  
Bird's. Every chirikel's song beseeches  
Ryes to larn what lennor teaches  
From copse an' hedge.  
Make the kas while the kem says "Make it !"

Lennor sets 'em singin' an' pairin',  
Chirikels all in tree an' grass,  
Farmers say, "Them chies are darin'  
Fortune-telling. Sometimes dukkerin', sometimes snarin' ;  
But see their forks at a good kas-kairin'  
Toss the kas !"  
Make the kas while the kem says "Make it !"  
Shinin' there on meadow and grove,  
Sayin', "You Romany chies, you take it,  
Toss it, tumble it, cock it, rake it,  
Singin' the ghyllie the while you shake it  
To lennor and love !"

## SINFI.

Dancin' an' singin' as she used to sing  
An' dance one time in puv's o' Rington Hollow  
As merry as a skylark on the wing  
As mounts to meet the mornin' gold an' lollo.  
Hen bird. Like some poor chirickli what sorrows late  
An' sorrows airy, pinin' for her mate,  
Has she forgot who left her there to wait  
The comin' o' the swallow ?

*[She begins to play softly and tentatively a bar of the "Parting Ghyllie" putting her arm round Rhona's waist. Tears at once start into Rhona's eyes, and she begins to murmur through her sobs.]*

## RHONA.

Closer, closer, my dearest !  
Let me feel the dear breath on my face !  
Closer, my nearest and dearest :  
The last embrace !

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.



## REVIEWS.

## THE HEGIRA OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

"Annals of Christ's Hospital." By E. H. Pearce.  
London: Methuen. 1901. 7s. 6d.

REACHING Mr. Pearce's "Finis", the reader may perhaps say with the Scots Chancellor, when he touched with the sceptre the Act which closed the independent history of Scotland, "There's an end of an old song". To-day London loses what some have thought its noblest institution, and the great school goes from its elder dispensation to take possession, as reformers somewhat falteringly declare, of a promised clay land at West Horsham. The policy of removal was negatived by the Commission of 1869, and, though subsequently victorious, is rather a bequest from a bygone school of theorists than a now voluntary migration. Newgate Street, to be sure, was never *rus in urbe*. The disciples of S. Francis made their home between Stynkyng Lane, the Shambles, and the open Cloaca of the city. Gaol-fever lurking on one side, and a great receptacle for the diseased marching with the school for centuries on another, did not make for sanitation. Nevertheless in plague-time when the angel of death smote all around he touched with a light finger the dwellers in this Goshen. In 1684 the medical report, on the occasion of a change of diet, stated that "it hath pleased God to bless the children of this house with a great deale of health". And ever since Sir Hans Sloane overhauled the hygiene of the institution it has been intelligently cared for. Meanwhile well-drained London has become almost a health-resort. Where so many princely traditions, dignifying charity, have to be torn up bleeding from the soil the certain gain ought to be overwhelmingly clear. The shutters however will now be up. S. Bartholomew's, which has agreed to buy about a third of the site, ought, with the help of the City and the public, to make a great effort to purchase the entire five acres. Large open spaces, a thirteenth-century cloister (it is found impossible to move this to Horsham) and friary garden (now paved, but still called The Garden), Palladian architecture by Wren and Hawksmoor, and immense ranges of handsome and substantial George IV. "Tudor", including Shaw's masterpiece the Great Hall, equalled only by Westminster for size and dignity—that these should make way for warehouses and streets would be a civic disgrace and national disaster. Yet it would be mean to forbid Christ's Hospital, crippled by reform, to obtain the highest price for its property. Removal will have cost quite £600,000. The Charity Commissioners thoughtfully provided against a profit arising from the sale by ordaining that out of any surplus Day and Science schools should be erected within three miles of the Royal Exchange. Charterhouse sold a slightly larger but much inferior site to Merchant Taylors for £90,000. S. Bartholomew's ought not to offer less than half a million. Between 1795 and 1837 Christ's Hospital spent £150,000 on its buildings.

The Commissioners indeed did their best to scuttle their ship before re-launching it. Mr. Gladstone was supposed to have reasons for a special resentment against the governing body, and the first thing struck at was the presentation privileges of Donation Governors, who numbered about four hundred. Each of them had contributed £500 to the Hospital funds, an immorality of which the ex-officio governors have usually been guiltless. Naturally donors dwindled rapidly, until in 1896 an amending scheme, restoring some of their rights, was grudgingly framed by the Commission. Meanwhile the thin-eared stalk of agricultural depression was producing a pinched exchequer, and to crown all it became known that several wealthy governors, in disgust, had cancelled large intended legacies. The average income from legacies prior to 1869 was £6,000 a year. Since 1869 it is practically zero. About four hundred fewer children are now being educated, and yet between a third and a half of those admitted are partly paid for, as much as £6,000 being received annually from their parents. Oddly enough, seeing that one charge against the Donation Governor system was that it ousted the poor in favour of the well-to-do, the presented scholars

are found to be usually needier (and apparently not less intelligent) than the competition wallahs, even when the latter, expensively crammed at some one's charges, come from Board-schools. A number of places are reserved for children of naval and military officers. In fact, when the dress vanishes, we fully expect to see Christ's Hospital filled, like College at Eton, with slips of aristocracy. Nothing however is yet settled about the dress. When the boys meet again at Horsham they will still wear the Tudor garb. But that is so closely associated with the historic London home, where moreover it has served as an effectual safeguard, that it must seem incongruous with Sussex. Be it confessed too that what remains of it—the cap disappeared in Sumner Maine's time and the orange-coloured cassock beneath the "plonket coates" was disused after 1865—is rather interesting than picturesque. Probably the foolish modern love of mufti will prevail, and bowler hats and jackets symbolise what is practically the starting of a new school, placed under a new headmaster and staff, and practically, though not legally and formally, severed from the great Corporation, to which this (with the other royal Spitals) was affiliated originally "as a vast benevolent institution rather than a school", for the relief of the "poore aged sick sore and ympotente people" whom the Dissolution had cast upon the London streets.

Christ's Hospital was in fact at first a crèche to "keepe and sweetly noorishe" the Quasimodos, the tender babes and younglings, "taken to swete and cleane keeping from the dunghill", or dropped by starving mothers at the Greyfriars gate. The Petites or Petties had "schoole maisters for A.B.C.", and it is clear that from the first School predominated over Foundling. A scholar was even sent up to Cambridge in 1566. Yet the "XXV. Systers" or foster-nurses survive in the ward matrons or dames, called nurses till recently, and the teaching establishment is still something adventitious, with no duties towards the boys out of school hours. The headmaster himself has only lately ranked in disciplinary matters above the warden (usually a military officer), or emancipated his authority from the constant interference of the almoners. We have no great belief in "modern educational ideas", based on "child-psychology" and so forth. We doubt if the enlightened atmosphere of Horsham will foster the delicate fancy of an Elia or the eagle spirit of a Coleridge. But it is necessary to break with the rule of governesses and bedells. It is more than a century since there were "mayden-children"—they were lodged in the Friars' Lesser Dortor—at the London school. Henceforth the girls will have Hertford entirely to themselves.

The migration, and the investing of the masters with real responsibilities, make possible a thorough reform of the religious system. The school will have a chapel of its own. Mr. Pearce's lips are sealed to the appalling insensibility of some of his predecessors at Christ Church to the opportunity afforded them weekly. That the Hospital could not help. But its otherwise grateful alumni of the fifties and sixties look back usually to an almost total blank of religious teaching. A system of prayers and church-goings (Isaac Barrow preached once for three hours and a half before the boys) had been transmitted from more devotional times—though the red-letter days which Lamb reckoned up so eagerly had been abolished—and the value of forms, even the driest, was never more clearly testified. But the blight of a dying Protestantism (which withdrew the song-school boys from the contamination of S. Paul's) brooded over the institution. Dr. Jacob (Headmaster 1853-68), himself a puritan and whig, told the Governors roundly from the pulpit that religious and moral training was non-existent. We suppose it was only a fidgety spirit of destructiveness which comparatively recently abolished not only the silver-medalled "markers" or catechists but the pretty custom by which each boy at Easter bore on his breast the legend "He is Risen". The moral tone of the school has always been unusually good; but the boys, of course, are young. Mr. Pearce tells the story of the mathematical or King's Boys—not founded by the pious "tiger-cub" but, as their badge declares, "auspicio Caroli Secundi". Verrio depicted their first reception at Court, since become

a periodical privilege, on his enormous canvas. A turbulent, "graceless", self-governed caste of young mariner pirates, fostered by Pepys into something between a "Britannia" and a press-gang, but who have had as nursing-fathers Flamsteed, Halley, Newton, and De Moivre. Not of this bold breed were the "poor Singing Children" with their virginals, viols and anthems. Wren himself planned a school of draughtsmanship for the King's Boys, for foreign artisans, especially the French, had to be kept out. Sir Isaac thought they spent too many years on humanity—they even took Latin Prayer-books to church. Christ's Hospital must from the first have had a temptation to be unusually modern-sided: the gallant Cavagnari was famous in India for his penmanship. Yet it had Hebraists as well as Grecians, and two forms are still named from Erasmus. The bulk of the boys, however pregnant and apt to learning, must no doubt still enter the ranks of commerce. Only how will our Sir Richard Whitingtons and South Sea Houses hear of them at Horsham? Soon the visits to the Mansion House and public suppers will seem as much in the past as the attendance at funerals, the Lottery drawings, or the Allhallows penny and plums. The religious, royal and ancient foundation has to hang itself up a new nest. What if the Charity Commission prove to have added the egg?

#### THE STORY OF CAMBRIA.

"Wales." By Owen M. Edwards. "Story of the Nations" Series. London: Unwin. 1901. 5s. net.

THIS long-promised volume fully justifies expectation. There is now a history of the Kymric race that may stand on the shelf side by side with J. R. Green's brilliant book on the English people. Mr. Edwards has done his work in the main as well as J. R. Green, and more impartially. An ardent Welsh nationalist, a distinguished Welsh Nonconformist, he is throughout fair to England and the Anglican Church, and more than fair to mediæval religion and Rome (witness the beautiful description of our Lady's flowers which he has culled from the mediæval bards, and his eulogy of the gallant Welsh Jesuits, who strove in vain to roll back the alien Reformation from the mountains of Wales). On two points only is the book open to serious criticism—the undue brevity of the narrative prior to the Norman inrush into Cambria and (though in a less degree) the undue prominence given to the history of North as against that of South Wales.

Mr. Edwards finds the explanation of Welsh history in the Welsh mountains. "The mountain defends, it separates. There is no separate point upon which path or road can converge. Wales never had a capital. Many races have reached its glens and hills, some have died away, some remain. But while race and language go the mountains remain. And they give a unity of character to the people." The union of Brython Goidel and Iberian in one Kymric race under Maelgwyn's rule is, he shows, symbolised in the legend of Arthur. "A Welsh poet wandered from grave to grave, asking the same simple question over each grave on which the rain fell, Whose grave is this?" "Among the graves on hill and dale and seashore, there was no grave for Arthur. He had become the spirit of unity, of independence, of stately wisdom, 'folly it would be to think that Arthur has a grave'."

If the age of the Saints and the lawgivers is passed too lightly, the rise of the Marcher Lords on the one hand and the consolidation of Gwynedd under Griffith ap Conan and his successors on the other are admirably depicted, the dark portrait of the brutal treacherous Norman baron setting off the chivalry and the culture of the Celtic Courts of Aberffraw and Dynevor. Strangely enough Mr. Edwards finds in the bold bad baron Robert de Belesme (the one Marcher whom he does admire) the founder of the Pan-Keltic idea. Beauclerk, it seems, saved us from a Western Kingdom with Shrewsbury as its capital, with Welsh princes as its feudatories and kings of Ireland as its allies. Of the Welshmen and Welshwomen who withstood the first Henry in his later years this historian tells us much and dwells sympathetically on the romantic Nest,

on Nest's brother the gallant Griffith ap Rees and on the wily Griffith ap Conan, whom the Norman chronicler called the King of Wales. North Walian partiality blinds him however to the darker side of Griffith ap Conan. The picturesque piracies of his youth, the consolidation of Gwynedd in his later years, can hardly palliate his treachery to Griffith ap Rees and his desertion of the Kymric cause in the South, when his daughter the heroic Gwenilian led the men of Towy Vale against the Marcher League.

The keynote to Welsh resistance against the Norman he finds in the tale of the geese of the lake of Savaddan, the lake guarded by the green Beacons, where imagination saw the chair of the great Arthur. There was a story that the wild fowl of the lake would sing at the command of the true prince of the country. "Thou holdest that thou art the true lord of this land" said Griffith ap Rees to the Marcher Earl, "do thou command them first." But the Earl commanded in vain. Then Griffith commanded and the birds began to sing and proclaim Griffith's innate right. The story is told by Giraldus Cambrensis, whose journey through Wales in the last year of the first Angevin's reign is picturesquely described. The great Archdeacon's struggle for Welsh ecclesiastical independence and its results receive here full recognition. He awoke the Welsh Church to a conscience of its unity. He taught the Welsh princes to appeal to the Pope as a great international supporter of the just cause of the weak. He taught the Welsh princes to support the Church, and so in later times what Snowdon was to the political independence of Wales, S. David's was to her ecclesiastical liberties. Among the young Welsh princes whom the keen-eyed Giraldus had noted, was Mr. Edwards' hero, Llywelyn ap Iorwerth, who ruled in Gwynedd from 1194 to 1240 and whom Welshmen know as Llywelyn the Great. In his eagerness to reach his hero the historian passes somewhat cursorily over the events that immediately preceded his rise to power, omitting almost all mention of the poet prince Howel ap Owen. On Llywelyn's ideal of a Wales in feudal subjection to the English Crown but ruled by the Princes of Gwynedd with the assistance of a council of chiefs he dwells lovingly, and dreams that the ideal may some day yet become a reality. On Llywelyn's bride the Lady of Snowdon (Cambria's Mary Stuart) he writes with unmixed eulogy. We wish that he could prove the story which links her name with William de Braose a foul Saxon lie. After Llywelyn the Great comes the tragedy of the house of Cunedda. The fight for independence was kept up for a time after the deaths of Llywelyn ap Griffith and David. It ended when no prince remained to lead it. Then the Welsh saw that resistance was hopeless. Llywelyn had left no heir, the birds of Savaddan knew no other Griffith or Rees, and who else could lead to anything but defeat?

So passes the age of the princes. For a moment Wales accepts her fate. The Welsh longbow wins the battle of Cressy. The bard sings of the golden splendour of the broom on the Cardigan hills and the red primroses in the vale of Glamorgan; but economic causes and the oppression of the Marchers occasion the peasant rising under Owen Glendower. Of Prince Owen our author says much. But it is rather on the dreamer who schemed a Welsh Parliament, a Welsh Church, a Welsh University and a French alliance than on the hero of the ten years' guerilla war, or on the magician who called the "spirits from the vasty deep" and the winds and storms to plague the Saxon that he dwells, and the cause of his final failure he leaves unexplained.

After the squalid struggle of the Roses, Wales got partial justice from the Welsh house, whom Welsh swords had seated on the English throne. The Court of the Marches established order, there was an end to the Marcher tyrants; and Wales obtained Parliamentary representation. However there was a set-off. The Welsh chief became Anglicised and a J.P., and so the bards lost their patron. And there was an unwelcome Reformation, accompanied by the most horrible sacrilege. But Mr. Edwards is too hard when he describes the Welsh cavalier squire as contemptible. The class that produced William Salesbury, Roland Vaughan,



William Vaughan, the Marquis of Worcester, Archbishop Williams and Vicar Prichard deserves better measure from a Welsh patriot. He is correct however in his recognition of Vicar Prichard as the founder of modern Welsh literature. (By the way he did not first come to S. David's in 1643 as this book seems to indicate, but he had been for years previously a Canon of S. David's Cathedral Church and died its Chancellor.) He is perhaps also right in thinking that Prichard (though a Churchman and Cavalier) and Morgan Owen of Llandaff represented the Puritan and Laudian spirits respectively. But we cannot agree with him that the two spirits have yet been blended in Welsh life—much as such a consummation is to be wished.

In his sketch of later Wales he does not sufficiently emphasise the terrible shock that Welsh society and education received from the Puritan crusade, nor the heavy loss on the æsthetic side which Wales suffered when the Methodist preacher (who otherwise deserves all the praise that he gets here) swept away alike the legend and the harp. He dilates again on Welsh industrialism, and fails to see that it has brought Philistinism in its train. However we wish that all Kelts would lay to heart the noble words with which this charming volume ends. "In the developing patriotism of the British colonies, the Welshman has been the foremost in devotion and energy. The first period of Welsh history ends with the poet's lament for its fallen princes; the second ends with the poet's vision of more self-conscious life and of greater service. The motto of Wales is to be that of its Prince, 'Ich dien'."

#### ABOUT CRIMINALS.

"In an Unknown Prison Land." By George Griffith. London: Hutchinson. 1902. 12s. net.

"The Science of Penology." By Henry M. Boies. New York: Putnams. 1902. 15s. net.

"Recent Object-Lessons in Penal Science." By A. R. Whiteway. London: Sonnenschein. 1902. 3s. 6d. net.

THE influence of the scientific spirit, which Mr. Gladstone is said never to have felt, is clearly marked in these three books, and the fact is the more significant when we remember that they come from different sources, and deal mainly with the methods of three countries to cope with criminality. In brief, the modern view is that crime is a manifestation either of social or physical disease, and should be treated by the trained wisdom of specialists rather than by the ancient systems of unprofitable punishment. Mr. George Griffith, who must not be confounded, as he has been in several quarters, with Major Arthur Griffiths, the voluminous writer on prison history, is much more a traveller and explorer than a criminologist. But his graphic account of the French system of transportation is extremely interesting and gives us many points to think about, and may be some reforms to imitate. In New Caledonia there appear to be three classes of convicts; the *Forçat*, who is sentenced to a definite term of transportation ranging from eight years to life; the *Libérés* who correspond to our ticket-of-leave men, the Siberian "Free Commands", and perhaps the *Trial Bay* prisoners of New South Wales; but they are probably better off than any of these; lastly, the *Réligués*, or "habituals", who have been over and over again convicted, and while not unkindly treated are banished in perpetuity.

The *forçat*, by good conduct becomes, in time, a *libéré* and may then be joined by his wife and family, or may marry a female convict and bring up children on the island; Mr. Griffith has not, we think, made it quite clear whether or not this privilege is intended to endure. But the *réligués*, or degenerates, may never marry or leave their mark upon posterity; and this method of dealing with "incurables" has a great deal to be said for it. With us, at present, a whole class of people pass their lives in prison, often for the continued repetition of acts not very heinous in themselves, and not infrequently capricious, aimless, and abnormal. If we shrink from the lethal chamber, what can be better than sending hopeless people far away where they will be well treated and looked after like Nature's help-

less grown-up children, which in fact they really are. At any rate we prefer this to the somewhat ghastly operation recommended by the next writer to prevent the increase of the unfit, which has in it a touch of Oriental savagery.

On the whole, Mr. Griffith seems to have been impressed with the mildness of the discipline and the well-being of the convicts. He was much surprised to see them smoking; a practice stopped with us by Act of Parliament in 1835; yet he adds that "they worked hard and regularly, harder indeed than I have ever seen English convicts work". These, he tells us, were toiling when he watched them, "in grim joyless silence, surrounded by equally silent rifle-armed warders", which does not seem the way to draw out the best side of any man, either physically or morally. Still there is one very dark stain on the French system, which we feel sure cannot be known, or at least realised, at home in France; we trust this work may call attention to it there. It appears that when flogging was abolished, doubtless with the best intentions, the terrible black cell—long given up in England—was substituted for it. And, as there enforced, we do not remember a more horrible prison punishment, which is saying a great deal. The "*Cachots Noirs*" are only opened every seventh day and prisoners may be confined there for months, and even up to two years. Mr. Griffith tried a dark cell for a few minutes and says that they appeared to lengthen into hours "the blackness seemed to come over me like a solid thing, and drive my straining eyes back into my head, when the double doors were opened the rays of light seemed to strike my eyes like daggers". For the fearful effects of these mental graves the reader must turn to the book itself where he will find a description he is not likely to forget. Yet whenever it is possible Mr. Griffith is as breezy and full of spirits as any young Englishman of the adventurous type can be, even when, as he whimsically tells us, the mosquitos fastened on the boiler of the engine till it whistled with pain!

Quite a different book is that by Mr. Boies; he is distinctly a criminologist but also something of a pharisee. He is curiously at variance with himself; and the learned Dr. Jekyll cannot altogether exorcise the avenging demon Hyde. Mr. Boies tells us that from 50 to 75 per cent. of the detected cases of criminality are held to be the result of pre-natal causes, the remainder being caused by bad surroundings. This view can leave no place for the notion of guilt, punishment, and expiation. Typical of the author's position between two schools or, we might almost say, between two stools, is the following passage. "The criminal possesses freedom of choice between good and evil, he has freedom of choice to refrain from crime, but lacks the will-power to develop that character which it is incumbent upon every one of us to secure for himself." The logical deduction from this statement appears to be that the criminal has freedom to desire what he has not the capacity to achieve. Hence, if he be deserving of punishment, a defect or infirmity becomes a criminal offence; which is not tenable. Again we cannot see why Mr. Boies continually speaks of drunkenness and prostitution almost as if they were one vice; for while drink is indeed a fountain-head of everything that is bad, it is probably no more connected with prostitution than with murders, assaults, poverty, and half a dozen other evils. And when he speaks of committing prostitutes to an asylum for treatment we begin to wonder how even one "who has had long experience in the administration of penal laws and especially in the management of convicts" can know so much about prisons and so little about human nature and the power of its passions! The vice of prostitution goes very deep into civilised social systems; it is the demand and not the supply which is the source of the evil, and the shrewd words of S. Augustine on the subject remind us that no mere police or superficial and one-sided measure can touch this grave and complicated problem. Still when Mr. Boies is not led away by the zeal which in another age passed the Blue Laws and burned women as witches, he writes wisely and well, on old fallacies as to "deterrence"; on the supreme necessity for productive labour in all prisons; and in the demand for specialists as much for the

treatment of prisoners as for other sorts of diseased and afflicted persons, he is sound and strong.

Mr. Whiteway has given us a thoughtful and scholarly book, which is all the more welcome on account of the rarity of serious studies in this country, which deal with the crime-problem. A good many writers have written volumes, autobiographical and otherwise, which are full of prison anecdotes and stories of strange cases. But these, however popular they may be, have no scientific value whatever. They are mostly barren of reflection and always destitute of hope. Crime will continue to the Judgment Day, say retired officers and well-drilled warders; and, with the old barbaric methods, they are right. Science has a different message, but it reminds us, in the words of Bacon, that we cannot accomplish what has never been done, except through means that have never been tried. We have not space to go through Mr. Whiteway's figures and arguments at any length; he tells us about the Act of 1898 which marked a new era in our prison management; he finds that there is something to be said for a wise system of transportation; perhaps such, for instance, as we have just glanced at; and, like all modern thinkers who at all appreciate the subject, he sees the urgent need of a sort of moral hospital, or home, for the ill-used and half-mad. He has read much of the literature of his subject both home and continental, and his learning is so manifest that he might have spared us the Latin quotations. The reader has enough to think about, without the additional labour of translation; and in Mr. Whiteway's book he will find much in plain and direct English to repay his study.

#### THE NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE MYTH.

"Napoleon's Letters to Josephine, 1796-1813." Edited by G. H. F. Hall. London: Dent. 1901. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. HALL in this book does not profess to have unearthed any new material. His aim as he tells us is to enable all to learn more of the domestic life of Napoleon and drink at the original source. For this purpose he has translated all the authentic letters of Bonaparte to his wife as well as the two extant of Josephine and accompanied them with a preface, an introduction, a chronological table of events, and explanatory notes. The table of events forms a very useful guide, while the notes show much reading and are instructive and helpful. But of his preface and introduction we cannot speak so highly. The style is stilted and forced and Mr. Hall's attempt to fathom the character and motives of his Napoleon Bonaparte is not very satisfactory. Nor should the editor have referred to the "Correspondence de Napoléon I.", edited by the command of the late Napoleon III. as the final authority, without telling us that many letters were omitted from that edition, and that even of the letters published many phrases were suppressed or altered. The character of the letters omitted will be better appreciated if we remember the warning of the editor of the supplementary volumes published under the Republic. Isolated from the others he says they give us a somewhat exaggerated impression of Napoleon's faults. "The Great Man seems to disappear and there remains only an imperious being, brutal and violent, who crushes without mercy everything that resists his will."

If some may question whether it was worth while to translate the letters at all, that part of the work at least has been well done. The translations seem to be accurate yet idiomatic, and they catch the spirit of the writer. The language is nervous and crisp and fortunately is not often spoilt by a pedantry which the introduction had led us to expect from an editor who takes credit for having unearthed from Murray's Dictionary the word "coolt" as a happy rendering of the phrase "le frais". On the question of the authenticity of the letters Mr. Hall has wisely followed the safe guidance of M. Aubenas and M. Masson, but we doubt whether the correspondence will establish the contention maintained in the introduction that Napoleon was as good as he was great. Of Napoleon's re-

lations and conduct to others not much is to be gathered from these letters. Here and there he expresses sincere grief at the loss of one of his generals or subordinates, and he has a good word to say for his brave soldiers. His references to Eugène Beauharnais and Hortense are kindly but both were necessary pawns in his great game: and for the rest his allusions to other people are generally in the form of directions to Josephine as to how she should treat them and as to whom she should avoid. One characteristic trait of Napoleon's character is however often illustrated—his contempt for the female sex. That they should be the toys of men—be good housewives and bear children. This with him summed up the whole duty of women. The idea that they should share in the higher pursuits and business of men he treats with scorn. Nor with one or two exceptions, notably Letter No. 4 Series A, do these letters to his wife show much refinement or evidence of much spiritual intercourse between them, of which indeed Josephine herself was perhaps incapable. The earlier ones are the love letters of a strong man who was as imperious in his love as in all other matters, dashed as it seems to us with a growing conviction that he had not succeeded in awakening a response in the bosom of his easygoing pleasure-loving if not faithless half Creole bride, a conviction which leads at times to bursts of furious jealousy. But even the most passionate are somewhat too sensuous for our taste and differ very little from his later love letters to his mistress Mme. Walewski quoted by Mr. Hall. Let anyone who disputes this compare those charming letters of Von Moltke to his wife which breathe in every line a purity and harmony of souls which is wanting in Napoleon's correspondence. Finally it is a somewhat significant fact that none of Josephine's letters of this period have been preserved. Surely this does not look as if his love for his wife was as deep and pure as is often supposed?

After the wide gap in the correspondence from February 1797 to May 1800—a gap which Mr. Hall justifies by saying that he has failed to find any letters that are authentic—the tone completely changes. Already a serious quarrel had occurred in 1797, while in Egypt Napoleon, hitherto apparently faithful to his wife, had indulged in illicit amours. Accordingly the terms of his letters though still attentive and even affectionate have lost the intensity of the past and are laconic and often trivial. Henceforth his chief anxiety is that the visits to the baths of Plombières may improve her health, and that his hope long deferred of having an heir should be fulfilled. In 1801 the birth of an illegitimate son by one of his mistresses is said to have influenced him further. Henceforth says M. Masson "The charm is broken. The Emperor is assured of having an heir of his own blood". In short he now begins to think seriously of a divorce. That this was demanded by political necessity we do not deny, but there is nothing in the language of the letters of that period to enforce the conviction that it cost Napoleon any very poignant grief. We doubt whether Napoleon would have ever done this deed, if he had been the paragon of goodness which his apologist would have us believe.

#### NOVELS.

"The Victors." By Robert Barr. London: Methuen. 1902. 6s.

The modern American novelist seems determined to beat the German scholar in minuteness. Every moment of life, even in the United States, hardly merits description, and "The Victors", like so many of its kind, is overloaded with the descriptions of ordinary moments. Mr. Barr takes three lines of print to describe the sealing of a packet. He would probably require a volume if he wished to explain how it was sent by express delivery. But the patient reader will find in this novel some very good matter. It is loosely constructed, and not very well written. But it illustrates remorselessly, though not without humour, how and whereby a man can rise to Transatlantic eminence. It traces the career of three men, two ordinary American



youths and one plausible Irish-American, who for a chance moment, being all penniless (should we say "centless" or "dimeless"?) are partners in a far from thriving peddling enterprise. The young men stick to business, see its seamy side, and attain wealth. The Irishman takes to New York politics and in the end becomes undisputed "boss" of the city. The steps in his progress are excellently set forth. Beside him the good young men are tame. There are really two stories in the book, and one might have been written by a Mr. Sheldon turned humorous. As a study of Tammany, however, "The Victors" is excellent. Incidentally it makes us wonder why, if the book is true to life, American women are ever persuaded to marry American men.

"Henry Vaughan." London: Thomas Burleigh. 1902. 6s.

The story is in the form of an autobiography. The hero is the son of a worthless and spendthrift Pembroke-shire squire, cursed by a low-born and ill-natured step-mother. He succeeds in getting expelled from school through no fault of his own, becomes articled to a wealthy solicitor, who promises to leave him his property. When the solicitor dies the will cannot be found, and things are only put right in the last chapter. Commonplace however as is the main plot of the story, the hero's love affairs make interesting reading, for the two successive objects of his youthful affections are well-drawn characters; while poor Molly's fate gives a touch of pathos to the tale. There are also fine sporting scenes and pretty sketches of Pembroke-shire country life. Some will think the political conversations out of place in a novel. They at least show that the author has thought much on Welsh politics, and holds some original views thereon.

"The Dark o' the Moon." By S. R. Crockett. London: Macmillan. 1902. 6s.

This volume is announced as containing "certain further histories of the folk called 'Raiders'", which tells the experienced reader pretty well what is coming. Corpses are lavished less prodigally, and the general mixture of the book is a little more watery than that of its predecessor, but it is marked by the same general characteristics. Mr. Crockett, it is true, has found in Galloway a romantic setting ready to his hand, and his chosen characters have a general out-of-door freshness about them; but their twaddle is most unmerciful. Narrative of this kind might be measured out for domestic consumption by the yard, for it has neither beginning middle nor end. There is no recognition of the elementary truth that a thing does not become probable or suitable for representation in fiction because it has, or might have, happened once. As for the style, it is a remarkable compound of Wardour Street romanticism and domestic "pawki-ness".

"Gentleman Garnet." By Harry B. Vogel. London: Smith Elder. 1902. 6s.

Admitting that Mr. Vogel's bushrangers are improbably virtuous, we recommend the tale of their doings to all who retain in their hearts something of the primitive boy. We have been obliged to read so many stories of incident that we are not predisposed to praise any new member of the class, but "Gentleman Garnet" is a really vivid romance of wild life in the early days of Tasmania. From a taste of the horrors which Marcus Clarke described so grimly we get out into the free bush: we share the elation of the escaped convicts, we applaud when they hold up banks, we shudder when the police have them at bay. The story is simply told and is worth telling. One episode is delightful: the gentlemanly bushrangers having overpowered the local police and stolen their uniforms are called as policemen to the rescue of a squatter's family in the hands of certain ungentelemanly confrères. It is a nice position for the casuist. Dog does not eat dog, but wild dog may very well think it incumbent on him to attack hyena. We did not think it possible for a novel on bushranging written at this late hour to attain the freshness and vigour which distinguish "Gentleman Garnet".

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Froissart's Modern Chronicles." Told and Pictured by F. Carruthers Gould. London: Unwin. 1902. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Gould is wise in not riding Brer Rabbit and Alice in Wonderland to death: Froissart was an excellent change. The illustrations in his new book show no falling off. Here we have that rare thing the Parliamentary caricaturist who is always the gentleman. Mr. Gould hits very hard sometimes. Who that saw it will ever forget "The Family 'Bus" with Mr. Chamberlain telling the conductor that some of the gentlemen inside must get out to accommodate his little dog, Mr. Jesse Collings and others of his party? But he is never gross and offensive. He does not victimise some sensitive nonentity in Parliament, week after week drawing attention to his physical disadvantages. Mr. Chamberlain has of course been Mr. Gould's great hit. Mr. Chamberlain has no more resented the cartoons than Disraeli resented Leach. On the contrary he has quite entered into the spirit of the thing. On one occasion in talking of journalism over a cigar Mr. Chamberlain put his hand on a copy of the "Westminster Gazette" which lay on his study table and said "Now that's the paper I like". It contained a stinging cartoon at his expense. We expect that one day quite naturally Lord Curzon will take the place of Mr. Chamberlain in Mr. Gould's cartoons. In this book we have pictures of one or two soldiers, as well as politicians. For instance there is "Lord De Kitchener goes a-Hunting". But does he ever do that? He certainly goes shooting at times when at home, but the pheasants are very safe so far as he is concerned.

"The Fight with France for North America." By A. G. Bradley. Second Edition revised. London: Constable. 1902. 6s.

Mr. Bradley's admirable story of that part of the world duel with France, which left Great Britain in possession of the whole of North America, will be welcomed in its cheaper and revised form. It is not necessary to be as ignorant of the facts of the contest as Mr. Bradley assumes the majority of Britons are to read his book with exceeding interest and considerable advantage. Nothing in the narrative strikes us more perhaps than the attitude of the colonies in whose behalf the struggle was maintained with devotion and persistence if not always with foresight and skill. The mother country poured out blood and treasure to save the colonies from constant menace and attack at the hands of the French and their Indian allies. At such a time they cavilled churlishly, as Mr. Bradley says, at being called upon to provide quarters for the Imperial army. They did comparatively little to assist in freeing America of French claims to everything west of the Alleghanies, and Mr. Bradley does not attempt to disguise his opinion of the action of the colonies when the French terror had been removed. He seems to us partially to hit upon the explanation of their action when he says that it is a common mistake to regard the American colonists in the eighteenth century merely as Britons living in America. "They were nothing of the kind," he contends, and even Washington was by no means the English gentleman living in Virginia as is generally supposed. Washington no doubt belonged to the class who remained nearest in manners and dress to England, but he was soon to show how loose was the tie.

"George Meredith's Edition." Lord Ormont and his Aminta; Rhoda Fleming; Vittoria; One of Our Conquerors; The Adventures of Harry Richmond; The Amazing Marriage. Six volumes. London: Constable. 1902. 2s. 6d. net each.

We are glad to see that this cheap and handy edition of Meredith is approaching completion: Meredith cannot be read too much and the more accessible his works are made to the ordinary reader, the better in every way. We regret that Messrs. Constable have not issued all his works in the very neat 3s. 6d. edition, of which three instalments only appeared, "The Tale of Chloe", "Bhanavar the Beautiful" and "Selected Poems".

"Poultry Management on a Farm." By Walter Palmer M.P. Westminster: Constable. 1902. 1s.

Mr. Palmer's point is that poultry properly managed and marketed can be made a thoroughly remunerative feature of thousands of small farms throughout the country. He gives his own practical experiences in the case of two small Berkshire farms comprising together some 220 acres; and these are entirely satisfactory. Yet his two farms are not very well adapted in some respects to poultry. They are in a cold and exposed district and the rather stiff clay soil is distinctly disadvantageous. For the year ending 29 September, 1899, Mr. Palmer reckons he made a profit of £33 17s. 6d. which on the valuation of £236 2s. 10d. worked out at 14 per cent. For the following year his profits worked out at 17 per cent.

"A Memorial to William Steinitz." Edited by Charles Devidé. New York and London: Putnam. 1901. 5s. net.

This is a little volume which, we should think, many chess-players will be glad to possess—though five whole shillings is rather a large investment for some of the lesser "masters", representing five hard-won games perhaps at the divan against

amateurs who at the odds of a pawn or two are scarcely to be despised. The specimen games begin at the year 1862 and we notice with interest the name of the great Andersenn on the list. Of three games played against Andersenn (whose amazingly brilliant games against Paul Murphy will always remain in our opinion a chess-world's wonder) Steinitz won two. Four specimens of Steinitz' gambit are given. In all four Steinitz won, though he had opponents like Zukertort (in 1872) and Paulsen. The editor says of this bold and original gambit that it "puzzled the world for thirty years". Its weak points may have been found out, but its brilliancy can never fade. There is an anecdote in this book that will please all admirers of the then master. "Well!" said Epstein the banker impatiently one day when Steinitz was slow in moving. Presently the tide turned and it was Steinitz' turn. "Well!" said he. "Sir, don't forget who you are and who I am", snapped out the rich patron. In a flash Steinitz retorted "On the Bourse you are Epstein and I am Steinitz: over the board I am Epstein and you Steinitz".

The April issue of "The Country" (Dent) is a marked improvement on that of March. It is a good deal more artistic than any other publication of the kind. We note with approval that "The Country" is not to have any pictures of fashionable beauties or shoppy articles on dresses and corsets or backstairs chit-chat about "Society". We ought indeed to be spared lady's-maid jargonese in papers that treat of the clean life of the countryside.

#### CLASSICAL BOOKS.

"Demosthenes: 'Olynthiacs and Philippics.'" Translated by Otho Holland. London: Methuen. 1901. 2s. 6d.

The "new principle", on which the author correctly claims to have translated Demosthenes, will never we trust become an old one. His principle, stripped of the verbiage with which it is set forth in the preface, is to keep the order of the Greek as far as possible in the pathetic hope that "English readers" will gain the rhythm and cadence of the original. A specimen sentence (or rather part of a sentence, for a whole one would be too long to quote) will suffice. "I myself, gentlemen, exceedingly should consider for my part to be feared Philip was and admired, by honourable practices were I noticing him to have grown." The only use we can imagine for this volume (and here we believe we have hit upon something which never entered the translator's mind) is as an exercise for young scholars in turning back the English into Greek. Unfortunately there is one objection. The young scholar, like the "English reader", would probably fail to make head or tail of the translation, though one who is well acquainted with Demosthenes can do so "with the help of the original". Mr. Holland is pursuing an ignis fatuus.

"The Knights of Aristophanes." Edited by R. A. Neil. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1901. 10s. net.

"The Choephoroi of Æschylus." Edited by T. G. Tucker. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1902. 12s. 6d.

These volumes are representative of Cambridge scholarship at its very best. Nobody will regret the growing fashion among scholars which they illustrate—the fashion of compressing into an edition of a single play the work of years, perhaps of a lifetime. They are evidences of devotion to learning for its own sake which cannot be valued too highly now that so many of our scholars appear to aim at superficial display. Our praise is particularly due to the late Mr. Neil's edition of "The Knights". Mr. Neil was a scholar whose deserved reputation and influence were great out of all proportion to his frugality as a writer. We are glad to have this monument of him, though had he lived no doubt some slight additions would have been made. As it is, the work covers ground never traversed by any previous editor of Aristophanes. Strong as Mr. Neil was on the purely linguistic side, his notes are eloquent also of his literary sense. Specially interesting is the appendix on *ye*, which affords a conspectus of the uses of that particle quite beyond anything we have seen before. Mr. Neil's real sympathy with the spirit of the text gives to his comments a remarkable precision in the interpretation of single words. The edition of the "Choephoroi" has less of the tour de force, but is worthy of the first rank. The translation (which is included after the fashion set by Jebb's "Sophocles") is not in our opinion equal to the rest of the work. The introduction however is valuable for the literary appreciation, and the commentary is very full. There are no vagaries in the way of emendation. Perhaps the style of the notes is a little wanting in incisiveness. But our gratitude for such volumes as these should preclude criticism of trivial points in a brief notice. Neither book can possibly be superseded for years.

"Livy." Book XXII. Edited by J. Thompson and F. G. Plaistowe. 2s. 6d.; "Herodotus." Book IV., capp. 1-144. Edited by W. J. Woodhouse. 4s. 6d.; "Euripides: Medea." Edited by J. Thompson and T. R. Mills. 3s. 6d.; "Æschylus: Eumenides." Edited by T. R. Mills. 3s. 6d. London: Clive. 1901.

The books have the well-known merits of the University Tutorial Series to which they belong. That they will serve

admirably their purpose—that of enabling all but the very dullest candidate to pass his London examination—is praise enough. The editions bear every mark of the finished crammer. We are sorry for the examiner who sets his wits to discover any question either on text or subject matter (within the limits laid down by the statutes) which is not to be found already answered and labelled in these editions. The introductions have no beating about the bush, no idle discursions in the hope of "culturing" or stimulating the candidate. All is succinct, business-like, and ready for automatic reproduction in the examination room. No point of grammar or scansion is too familiar to be included in the notes. Nothing is taken for granted as regards the mind of the candidate. His list of proper names (with appropriately short accounts of the owners), his rough sketch-maps of battles or what not—all are here. We are filled with admiration by these monuments of ingenuity, not unminged with melancholy thoughts upon education as a trade and the value of "classical learning" as promoted by the London University.

"Vergil, Æneid II." Edited by P. Sandford. 1s. 6d.; "Cæsar, Gallic War." Book V. Edited by J. Brown. 2s.; "Livy." Book I. Edited by J. Brown. 2s. 6d. London: Blackie. 1901.

These are volumes in the Illustrated Latin Series. All three, we are glad to note, are without vocabulary, although unfortunately they are also published with vocabulary included. Something at least is gained by giving the teacher a choice. Most of the illustrations have a point attached to them, though occasionally we get some picture quite needless. It is vain to hope that the stimulus of pictures on the puerile mind will be lasting. No doubt a picture of the testudo or catapult, of a consul sacrificing or of Romans sitting at meat, may leave some instructive mark on the mind. But illustrations from vase paintings and the like are worse than thrown away. They merely provide the boy with something to embellish during hours that should be devoted to preparation. Of these three books the text and notes alike are excellent. But we would ask for whom are the appendices to the Vergil intended? for whom also the more literary and scholarly of the notes? Surely not for boys who could in reason be supposed to use a vocabulary instead of a dictionary! A special word is due to Professor Brown's "Cæsar". It is quite the best thing of its kind we know. The copious Introduction might with advantage be set as a history lesson even in higher forms, and most teachers could make good use of the exercises and the hints on translation. How much of the book as a whole is intended to be useful to boys directly we cannot judge. The notes at any rate are simple and direct.

"The Latin Pronouns." By C. L. Meader. London: Macmillan. 1901. 7s. 6d. net.

This monograph is typical of one side of American scholarship. It is a highly mechanical—we had almost said numerical—study of *is*, *hic*, *iste* and *ipse* in their various usages. A large part of the book is occupied with tables of percentages setting forth the frequency or otherwise of certain pronominal forms in certain Latin writers. The general plan is historical and the changes and interchanges of meaning are discussed in laborious detail. Humanism has no concern with the scope of this treatise. In the course of several pages dealing with *is* in poetry not a word is dropped about the literary value of the pronoun. The late Mr. Symonds in the remarks on this point in his essay on "National Style" tells us more of real interest on a single page than can be found anywhere here. The most interesting portion of the work is that devoted to *ipse* and *idem* and their parallel uses. Perhaps there was small opportunity for good writing; but this is no excuse for the American locutions which throughout are conspicuous. "Ante-dating Accius" for "occurring before Accius" is one example of many. We would not seem to depreciate the study, however minute, of what the writer calls "linguistics", but we regret that so inhuman a method of invading the classics is not confined to Germany.

"Sophocles, Electra." Edited by M. A. Bayfield. London: Macmillan. 1901. 2s. 6d.

A useful addition to a useful and unpretentious series of school books. The print is excellent, and the occasional "stage directions" are distinctly valuable. There are three appendices, one on some particles, one on some epic idioms in tragedy, and the third a metrical analysis of the choruses. The first two we warmly commend, as being at once serviceable and new. The notes are terse.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

*Le Maréchal Canrobert: Souvenirs d'un Siècle.* Par Germain Bapst. Paris: Plon. 1902. 7f. 50c.

Rare is it that we come across such interesting and entertaining memoirs. M. Germain Bapst is a master in the work of introducing us to distinguished persons, and revealing their little hobbies and describing their surroundings. At no time does he become tedious; and yet his volume consists of over five hundred pages. In the present book, M. Bapst deals with life at Napoleon's Court during the first years of the Second



Empire, and closes with a graphic description of the fall of Sebastopol. His account of the Charge of the Light Brigade is one of the keenest and most vivid we have ever read; and his résumé of the work accomplished by the French general in the Crimean campaign is a masterly achievement. Admirable again is his portrait of Napoleon. Again and again does he insist upon the Emperor's "bonté". Weak, if you like; and, above all, misguided. But kindly, considerate; a dreamer, and—fatal fault for an Emperor—an optimist. M. Bapst, we believe, will follow up his study of Napoleon until Sedan; and it will be interesting to compare his account of the Emperor's attitude after the French reverses with that given by the Marguerittes in "Les Braves Gens". The latter, it will be remembered, described him as pale and trembling, broken; but from what we have seen of M. Bapst's portrait of Napoleon, we are inclined to fancy that he will present the unfortunate Emperor as bearing his woes with no small dignity and fortitude. Certainly, Napoleon was weak at Court. M. Bapst graphically describes his scheming, unscrupulous entourage; and quotes a bon mot, or repeats a scandal, or narrates some amusing anecdote. Napoleon was popular, however, with the disinterested, the honourable. Said the Maréchal Canrobert (who, at the commencement of 1852 was aide-de-camp to the President of the Republic), "J'ai quelquefois blâmé la politique de l'Empereur; mais l'homme a été tellement bon pour moi, bon d'une façon si touchante, si naturelle, que jamais je ne lui oublierai, et jusqu'à ma dernière heure je lui serai reconnaissant de ses bienfaits, et je reporterai sur les siens la reconnaissance que je lui ai vouée". However, it is improbable that Canrobert ever forgave Napoleon his underhand meddling with military matters, his protection of inferior officers who happened to amuse him. Many a chapter in M. Bapst's volume is devoted to frank analysis of the state of the French (and also the English) army during the first years of the Second Empire. The French army was disorganised, underfed, undisciplined, says Canrobert; and, in spite of his efforts, only small improvements were effected. Perhaps the most entertaining chapter in M. Bapst's book is that which describes the visit of Queen Victoria to Paris in August 1855. Over eight hundred thousand spectators lined the boulevards and the Champs Elysées; the whole city was decorated, en fête. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert drove through Paris in an open carriage, en route for Saint-Cloud; and received the most enthusiastic ovation. Most gracious was the Queen to Canrobert; and the Maréchal left Saint-Cloud enchanted, vowing that the Queen of England spoke French like "ourselves", and that she had a deep affection for France. Upon Canrobert paying a tribute to the English generals, the Queen replied, "Les généraux anglais sont tous des gentlemen". Fête followed fête in honour of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert; in her few spare moments the Queen visited the Louvre, Notre Dame, and the Sainte-Chapelle. Then, came a military review; a grand ball at the Hôtel de Ville, and finally—some Parisians still recall with pleasure the event—a visit to the Invalides. The cortège paused respectfully before the great Napoleon's tomb, and here is Canrobert's account of what took place. "Tous nous sommes émus. Pas une parole. Chacun contemple le cercueil et les souvenirs. Le Prince Albert est devant moi, en habit rouge de feld-maréchal; à côté de la reine se tient debout le prince de Galles en highlander, avec sa veste de velours, sa sacoch de fourrure et le kilt; à droite est la princesse Mathilde, dont les traits si purs se détachent à la lueur des torches, rappelant le masque de son oncle. . . . Après un moment de recueillement, d'un silence absolu, la Reine avec un visage recueilli, calme, sévère, se tournant vers le prince de Galles et lui remettant la main sur l'épaule:

(Continued on page 504.)

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'Agenouille-toi devant le tombeau du grand Napoléon.' Historians friendly to England like to refer to this incident, and M. Bapst quotes long passages from one of Canrobert's letters in which he again expresses his admiration for the Queen. With the last quotation, however, we must close. It were quite impossible to enumerate here all the interesting and entertaining parts of M. Bapst's admirably edited volume. Most cordially do we recommend it; and most keenly do we look forward to the appearance of its successor.

*Les Elections en Europe à la fin du XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* Par Lefèvre-Pontalis. Paris: Plon. 1902. 3f. 50.

This interesting book appears most appropriately—for it gives a complete account of the electoral system in France and those of other countries, and should therefore be read by all who are interested in the present French elections and the (very probably) approaching elections in Belgium. The French electoral system is too complicated a subject to discuss in the present place; but we may say that all parties and all constituencies are reviewed, and that celebrated politicians are especially noticed. We are reminded at times of Mr. Bodley's great book on France. The position of the Socialist and Clerical parties in Belgium is most intelligently put forward. M. Lefèvre-Pontalis evidently foresaw trouble between those two parties when he began to write his book.

*Bijou.* Par Hector Lorraine. Paris. 1902.

A charming and gracefully-written little book about a dog. Its master, a shy poet, lives alone with Bijou; takes his walks with Bijou; prepares Bijou's meals and Bijou's couch. For Bijou has a couch, and not a kennel. Naturally, the poet talks to Bijou; and so we get his views upon life, and art, and even politics. Each chapter comes suddenly to a close... because the poet finds that Bijou has fallen asleep. We are sure that M. Hector Lorraine has a Bijou of his own, and hope that Bijou may long be spared him. Also, we should like to hear more about Bijou. Moreover, we should very much like to possess Bijou.

*Revue des Deux Mondes.* 15 avril. 3f.

There is an interesting article by M. L. Paul Dubois on the withdrawal of Ireland within herself in which he discusses the "Gaelic Renaissance" which is taking place at the present time under the auspices of the Gaelic League. He sees in its work a far more effectual movement on behalf of Irish Nationalists than is the Parliamentary struggle. His statement that the work of national reconstruction is complete through the agency of the Keltic League is singularly extravagant. M. de Wyzewin, a highly competent critic, has a paper on D'Annunzio's and Stephen Phillips' plays on the theme of "Francesca di Rimini". We fear Mr. Phillips' admirers here would not be happy at the scant praise he awards their idol to whom he only allows cleverness, while D'Annunzio he treats as a genius, but genius and adroit playwright alike he rightly holds to have merely misused the immortal story told by Dante. As for Mr. Phillips he has written a melodrama in the style, at best, of Dumas père. M. Charmes supplies the usual tirade from the "moderate" point of view against the present French Government. He accuses the "moderates" of not voting at the elections. That is true enough, they have the same failing in London County Council elections, but perhaps from the same reason, they have no programme to vote for. That indicated by M. Charmes himself is purely negative and he admits it. It is "no Jacobinism no collectivism." That is excellent so far as it goes perhaps, but it all depends on what you mean by "collectivism" and what after the victory?

For This Week's Books see page 508.

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London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.  
18th April, 1902.

## HARROD'S STORES.

**A** Nextraordinary general meeting of Harrod's Stores, Limited, was held on Monday, at the Cadogan Rooms, Basil Street, S.W., Sir Alfred Newton, Bart. (Chairman of the Company), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. G. Sheald) read the formal notice.

The Chairman said that at the last annual general meeting he stated that further expenditure on capital account would be required. They would now be asked, first, to authorise the issue of the 40,000 ordinary shares in the Company at present unissued; and, in the second place, to fix the price at which they shall be issued. The price at which they would be asked to authorise the issue of these shares, having regard to the extremely favourable position they would occupy—that is to say, that they will rank alongside and be precisely of the same character and quality as the existing ordinary shares—was £3 10s. each. (Cries of "Oh!" and a Voice, "Absurd!") He would point out the exact position of these shares, taking only last year's figures. Assuming that they had no greater profit to treat with than last year, when the amount of net profit was £91,335, the new shares, by the arrangement entered into, would be entitled to and will receive the full 18 per cent., and leave a balance of £1,350 out of that amount of £91,000 to carry forward, without in any way trenching upon the amounts brought into the revenue account as carry-forward. In the face of that it would be manifestly a bad financial operation for this Company to issue its shares at much below the actual market price. Shareholders will have this advantage in having these shares allotted—that they would be free from all cost in the shape of stamp duties, brokerage, or turn of the market. (A Voice: "That is always so!") Precisely; but he was pointing out the advantage to be derived from an allotment of these shares at £3 10s. It is the same price at which the shares were issued previously, and we, the directors, say that these shares were intrinsically worth the money, and that shareholders of this Company would certainly receive the full benefits from this new issue of shares. The dividend up to the end of April, paid in June, would accrue to the new shares, and rank *pari passu*, and be absolutely of the same denomination and the same value as the existing share capital. He was quite prepared to back his opinion as to these shares by obtaining as many as he could get, and he believed the same spirit animated the other members of the board. There had been a very substantial increase in the business of the Company since the financial year closed, and they look forward with confidence to a very excellent year. He proposed the following resolutions—namely:—

(a) "That the 40,000 ordinary shares in the Company at present unissued be issued on the footing that they are to rank for dividend and in all other respects *pari passu* with the existing ordinary shares, and upon the footing that (in accordance with the resolution already passed at the meeting of the holders of the founders' shares) as from the time when such 40,000 ordinary shares are issued, the surplus net profits of the Company of each year which shall remain after paying the 8 per cent. dividend on the ordinary shares, as provided by paragraph (b) of Clause 7 of the memorandum of association, shall be carried as to 10 per cent. to the reserve fund specified in paragraph (c) of the same clause, and that of the remainder one moiety (less £1,000 to be deducted therefrom) shall belong to the holders of the founders' shares, and the residue or other moiety (plus the £2,000 to be deducted as aforesaid) shall belong to the holders of the ordinary shares, and be dealt with in accordance with the memorandum of association." (b) "That any premium obtained upon the issue of the said shares after payment of the expenses of, and relating to, the issue and allotment of the same be carried to the Company's reserve fund.

Mr. James Bailey, M.P., in seconding the motion, said he believed—as he always had—there was a very great future before the Company.

Dr. Drysdale and Major Smith supported the resolutions.

The resolutions were carried by a large majority, and it was further resolved that the shares be issued at the price of £3 10s.

## KIMBERLEY WATERWORKS.

**T**HE twenty-second annual general meeting of the Kimberley Waterworks Company, Limited, was held on Wednesday, at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. James Jackson presiding.

The Secretary, Mr. William Vincent, read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Chairman said with regard to the position of the Company their property had been enhanced during the period under review, and their sales amounted to nearly 198,000,000 gallons, which had only been exceeded in three previous years of the Company's history, and showed an increase of 70,000,000 gallons as compared with the previous year. At the last meeting he mentioned that communications had been exchanged between the Town Council of Kimberley and the board, and he said that nothing would be settled without calling the shareholders together. Early last year the board received a letter from the Town Council asking what price they were prepared to take for their works, and in reply to that the directors made a proposal. That proposal was not accepted, and the Kimberley Town Council asked in reply what price the board would accept for the portion of the works which affected Kimberley alone. The directors answered that they declined to part with the property except as a whole. It would have been quite impossible for the company with one main and one reservoir to have divided its property. What had transpired since was that the board had heard that it was the intention of the Town Council to erect works for themselves in competition with the Company, which the board maintained they had no right to do under the terms of the Company's concession. Litigation had been commenced and it would be continued, for the board were assured that they had right on their side. They were well furnished with the sinews of war, and if, as they might reasonably expect, they should have three prosperous years to come, they would be even better

off in that respect by the end of the concession than they were to-day. All they had to do was to await developments. If the Council approached them again they would be quite ready to meet them in a reasonable spirit, even to the extent of making some sacrifice; for there was no doubt that works could be erected to-day at a good deal more cheaply than they were in the early eighties, when the cost of transport by ox-wagon was so high, and they could not reasonably expect to get the same price as they paid for their works. But, whether it was a case of selling or fighting, the board had only one object in view, namely, to serve the interests of the shareholders, which would continue to be their first and only consideration. The Chairman then moved the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. C. Critchett seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the proceedings.

## ASHANTI SANSU MINE.

**T**HE first annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Ashanti Sansu Mine, Limited, was held on Monday at the Holborn Restaurant, Mr. Frederick Gordon (the Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. C. W. Mann) read the notice calling the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Chairman, before moving the resolution "That the report be received and adopted," read a cablegram from the consulting engineer as follows: "All the workings, except one, are in a splendid body of ore; value, 1 oz.: can confirm report dated February 8." In addition he might tell them that just about an hour ago they received a bill of lading for £6,520 worth of gold, which was then at Liverpool, making up to the end of February £11,510 worth of gold received. Having given that information, he hardly thought there was anything that he could add to that contained in the report; because, as they knew, so much depended on the information they got from their engineers and those on the other side, and the manager in charge of the mine. He was bound to say that the information so far from the mine manager, received weekly, was of a satisfactory character, and the directors were doing, and had done, all in their power to secure good and competent men to look after the shareholders' interests there. He moved "That the balance-sheet at September 30, 1901, and the report of the directors, dated April 5, 1902, be received, approved, and adopted."

Mr. George Edwards seconded the resolution, and answered some questions as to the stamps to be erected and the work they would do.

The resolution was then put to the meeting, and carried unanimously.

Mr. Dixon next moved the appointment of the auditors (Messrs. Jackson, Pixley and Co.).

Mr. Sutton, in seconding the resolution, remarked that it would be very desirable in the next statement of accounts to have a profit and loss account.

The resolution was then agreed to.

The Chairman: With regard to Mr. Sutton's remark, as a matter of course, when the next accounts are rendered, there will be a profit and loss account; but we could not commence with one before we were really crushing. At first we made no profit and no loss; the money which was there has been expended on the property. I think it may be satisfactory, as you have asked the question, to say that these accounts only extend to September 30, and, referring to the amount which is debited for the cost of getting the gold, we have at the present moment no less a sum than £40,452 available for expending on capital and development account.

Viscount Duncannon, C.B., moved a vote of thanks to the staff. They had on the mine a manager of great experience (Mr. Price), who was, he believed, a very excellent man. He had entirely ratified the reports made by Mr. Daw, who was there before him. Since Mr. Price has been on the mine he has given very excellent reports, and he therefore asked that the directors be allowed to convey to Mr. Price and his staff their thanks.

Mr. Mitchell seconded the resolution, which was put and carried.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman was proposed by Mr. Sutton, and the Chairman, in acknowledging the compliment, said he had lost none of his faith in West Africa. They could not expect all prizes in West Africa, but he ventured to think they had a very reasonable chance of getting some of the prizes.

## CALCUTTA TRAMWAYS.

**T**HE ordinary general meeting of the shareholders of the Calcutta Tramways Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday at Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. E. C. Morgan, Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman said that the apparent shrinkage of receipts and expenditure as shown in the accounts was entirely due to the altered rate of exchange at which the rupee figures had been converted into sterling. The receipts in reality gave the large increase of £7,500 as compared with those of last year, while the expenditure was greater to the extent of about £2,000. This gave a net increase in receipts of about £5,500, while the percentage of expenditure to receipts had been 75½, compared with 80½ in the previous year. Though the receipts in the year had increased by £7,500, the proportion of expenses to receipts had diminished by 5 per cent., while, in spite of an additional mileage of 165,000 miles, the receipts per car mile had increased by nearly 1d. The Company had purchased two plots of land to the north and south of the town at a cost of £16,000, and these he regarded as a distinct addition to the assets of the Company. The results they had obtained had been obtained without any aid from the new motive power, and in the first quarter of the present year the earnings had continued to increase, while the prospects from the adoption of the new power were eminently satisfactory. The whole of their 100 motor cars are now on the spot, and the bulk of them ready to be put upon the road. He hoped in a short time the Company would be in a position to cope with the requirements of the Calcutta public in a manner hitherto impossible. He concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts. The motion was seconded by Mr. C. Sanderson, and carried unanimously.

The Chairman moved: "That a dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. *per annum*, or 6s. per share, for the year ended December 31, 1901, be, and is hereby, declared, such dividend to be payable on April 16, free of income-tax."

Colonel Sir E. Howard Vincent, M.P., seconded the proposal, which was agreed to.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman and staff, proposed by Mr. F. D. A. Vincent and seconded by Mr. G. J. Newbery, was cordially adopted, and the Chairman in response said he thought there was every reason to suppose that the future would make up for the dark days through which they had passed.

Sir Howard Vincent pointed out that Mr. Morgan had omitted to say how much the result achieved was due to his (Mr. Morgan's) indefatigable exertions on behalf of the Company. The proceedings then terminated.



## OREGUM GOLD MINING COMPANY.

THE ordinary general meeting of the Ooregum Gold Mining Company of India, Limited, was held on Tuesday at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., under the presidency of Mr. Malcolm Low (Chairman of the Company).

The Secretary (Mr. Richard Garland) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman stated that the past year, the first of the century—a year notable in their history as it brought them within the class of the millionaire dividend-paying mines—had been one of continued prosperity for the Company. The directors had advisedly characterised the narrative of the superintendent (Mr. Bullen) as constituting a splendid record of mining work done; and it certainly did seem to be a splendid record to have, among other things, driven and sunk underground over 12,000 feet, milled upwards of 78,000 tons of quartz, and cyanided over 115,000 tons of tailings and slimes, not to speak of such special work as the erection of the great new mill, with its buildings, machinery, and plant, nor of the niceties of execution involved in the progress of their great new perpendicular shaft, Oakley's. Since they last met the former £1 shares of the Company had been divided into two shares of 10s. each, the capital remaining, of course, as before, at £291,500 in 343,000 ordinary and 240,000 preferred shares. Omitting shillings and pence the income for the year amounted altogether to £308,080 after deducting the royalty due to the Mysore Government. Of this sum £305,020 was derived from the sale of their gold. The total expenditure during the year was £150,609, leaving a balance of profit of £157,471, which was increased to £159,017 by the amount brought forward, £460, and the premium, £1,076, on the sale of certain new shares. Of this available profit the two interim dividends had absorbed £83,927, and after charging the further amounts detailed in the profit and loss account, there remained at the end of the year £53,853, out of which the directors recommended a final dividend of 1s. 6d. both on the preferred and the ordinary shares, leaving £1,840 to be carried forward. The payment of this third dividend would make the total distribution for the past year 4½ per cent. on the ordinary and 5½ per cent. on the preference shares, as compared with 40 per cent. and 50 per cent. respectively for the previous year. It was very gratifying to him to be able to state that, notwithstanding the increased amount of work done, the total expenditure showed no apparent increase—in fact, it was a shade less last year than in 1900. In his report the superintendent spoke of the tendency to decrease in value at the north section of Taylor's shaft. This section, however, was only one of the various sections of the mine, and the superintendent was speaking of what was apparent to him at the time of writing his report. He very properly told them that if this tendency should continue he would be obliged to deal with a larger quantity of ore from this particular section of the mine, and the superintendent was now perfectly well able to do this if he pleased. For the rest he was unable to offer anything but favourable comment. The reserves of ore were no less than 145,473 tons at the close of the year, or 26,000 tons more than at the end of 1900. The reserves had increased in an extraordinary way since the year 1892, when they were only 55,000 odd tons. The reserves at the end of last year formed, to his mind, a specially satisfactory feature on account of the increased tonnage dealt with at the mills. They had practically—or very nearly—a two years' supply in view for the mill, taking the consumption at the rate of the past year. The reserves of their tailings and slimes at the end of the year were 82,000 tons, as compared with 120,000 tons a year previously. Thus, to some extent, no doubt, the reserves of tailings had been overtaken by means of the very complete cyaniding machinery which the Company now possessed, and this was just what they had meant to do. In time the reserves of slimes and tailings would be exhausted, but they would always have the current slimes and tailings, the quantity of which depended, of course, on the amount of ore passed each year through the mill, which there was every reason to believe would now be considerably increased. The cost of treating each ton of tailings and slimes worked out last year at 2s. 6½d. The average yield of gold per ton was 3 dwts. 11 grs., worth 12s. 9d., and therefore each ton dealt with gave the Company a profit of 10s. 2½d., as compared with 2s. 4d. with the old Wheelan pans. The tale of betterment in many interesting particulars had continued in the past year. Their large new mill had advanced to completion; 60 heads were started in March, and a telegram just to hand stated that the remaining 60 heads were started on the 18th inst. Not only greatly increased capacity, but also greatly increased economy was expected from the working of this new mill. The progress of the important works for the transmission of electric power from the Cauvery Falls to the mines had gone on very satisfactorily, and the negotiations with the Mysore Government had resulted in an extension of the Company's lease for 30 years beyond March 22, 1910, when the existing lease would expire. The Board hoped that the Company's share of 4,000 horse-power from the Cauvery Falls would shortly be available to them. They believed that the working expenses, more especially those connected with the mill, would be greatly reduced by the application of electric power. In common with all the other companies on the field they felt very much indebted to the Mysore Government for undertaking this vast work. With regard to the question of royalty, up to 1910 they would continue to pay 5 per cent. on the gross return of gold, but from the commencement of the new lease they would not only have to pay the old amount, but also an additional royalty of 2½ per cent. upon the dividends declared. He could not help thinking that this advance was rather hard upon them, but, on the other hand, it was not to be denied that the Mysore Government largely abated their original proposal in order to meet them. On the whole he thought that they had been right in accepting the present somewhat onerous terms in the interests of peace, and also in the interests of the good feeling which had hitherto subsisted between the Government and themselves. He formally proposed the adoption of the report and accounts, the motion being seconded by Mr. C. H. Wallroth. Mr. John Taylor then addressed the meeting on the details of the mining work, and the motion was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Stephens said he rose to propose an increase in the directors' fees. He noticed that the salaries of Messrs. John Taylor & Sons had been increased; but the shareholders had nothing to do with that. They all knew Messrs. Taylor, and, as he would not attempt to gild refined gold, he would pass them by, and move the following resolution: "That the remuneration of the directors, as fixed by Article 93 of the Company's articles of association, be, under the provisions of Article 94, increased from £1,000 to £1,500 per annum, such sum to be increased to £2,000 per annum in the event of the dividend declared exceeding 10 per cent." Then, considering the arduous duties that the Company's superintendent had to perform during the year, especially in connection with the work pertaining to deep mining and the erection of the very fine 120-head battery, he did not think that gentlemen's services should be overlooked. Mr. Bullen was assisted by an able staff of officers, who also deserved well of the shareholders. On his way to the meeting he (the speaker) was twitted by a shareholder, who said, "I suppose you are going down, as usual, to vote something extra." He added: "I have been connected with a good many mining companies, and I have never heard of such a thing." He (the speaker) said: "You never had an Ooregum Mine, Ooregum directors, Ooregum managers, or an Ooregum superintendent," to which his friend replied: "There's something in that." He (Mr. Stephens) thought that their system of management was about as perfect as anything human could be. He therefore further proposed: "That the sum of £5,500 be voted to the directors, managers, and staff in London and the superintendent and staff in India, to be divided in such way as the Board and managers may think fit."

Mr. F. W. P. Swinbourne seconded the resolutions, which were unanimously agreed to, and the Chairman briefly thanked the shareholders.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors, on the motion of Mr. L. P. Swinbourne, seconded by Mr. Rees, concluded the proceedings.

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## MANAGERS.

WM. A. MAIN.

CALER LEWIS.

## DIRECTORS' REPORT (Presented at the FORTY-EIGHTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING, 16th April, 1902).

The Directors have now to submit to the Shareholders the Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account of the Bank for the year ended 31st December last.

These show a net profit, after providing for bad and doubtful debts, of £230,104 3s. 7d., inclusive of £21,532 14s. 6d. brought forward from the previous year. The Interim Dividend, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum paid in October last, absorbed £40,000, and a further sum of £15,000 has been appropriated to pay a bonus of 15 per cent. on the salaries of the staff. The amount now available is, therefore, £175,104 3s. 7d., out of which the directors propose to pay a final dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, making 10 per cent. for the whole year; to add £75,000 to the Reserve Fund, which will then stand at £650,000; to add £10,000 to the Officers' Superannuation Fund; to write off Premises Account £10,000; and to carry forward the balance of £40,104 3s. 7d.

Mr. Emile Levita and Mr. William Christian, the Directors who now retire by rotation, present themselves for re-election.

The Auditors, Mr. Maurice Nelson Girdlestone and Mr. Magnus Mowat, again tender their services.

## LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, 31st December, 1901.

	£	s.	d.
To Capital, paid up in full .. .. .	800,000	0	0
Reserve Fund .. .. .	575,000	0	0
Notes in Circulation .. .. .	606,888	15	2
Current Accounts .. .. .	4,070,002	12	10
Fixed Deposits .. .. .	4,026,532	2	6
Bills Payable:—			
Drafts on demand and at short sight			
on Head Office and Branches ..	£1,115,937	12	2
Drafts on London and Foreign			
Bankers .. .. .	891,309	2	6
Acceptances on Account of Customers .. .. .	2,007,240	14	8
Loans payable, against Securities .. .. .	699,702	14	1
Due to Agents and Correspondents .. .. .	276,666	13	4
Balances between Head Office and Branches, including			
Exchange Adjustments .. .. .	3,897	11	4
Sundry Liabilities .. .. .	25,627	7	10
Profit and Loss .. .. .	30,002	15	2
Liability on Bills of Exchange re-discounted, £1,422,565 5s., of			
which, up to this date, £3,271,956 1s. 3d. has run off.	£14,892,665	10	6
By Cash in hand and at Bankers .. .. .	2,523,973	9	7
Bullion .. .. .	878,158	4	9
Government and other Securities .. .. .	759,489	4	4
Security lodged against Note Issues and Government			
Deposits .. .. .	505,495	10	0
Bills of Exchange .. .. .	4,357,635	0	6
Bills Discounted and Loans .. .. .	4,785,339	17	7
Liability of Customers for Acceptances, per Contra .. .. .	699,702	14	1
Due by Agents and Correspondents .. .. .	136,795	10	4
Sundry Assets .. .. .	1,694	18	1
Bank Premises and Furniture at the Head Office and			
Branches .. .. .	174,383	6	3
	£14,892,665	10	6

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Dr. For the year ended 31st December, 1901.			
To Interim Dividend, for the half-year to 30th June last, at the			
rate of 10 per cent. per annum .. .. .	40,000	0	0
Bonus to Staff .. .. .	15,000	0	0
Balance proposed to be dealt with as follows:—			
Dividend, at the rate of 10 per cent.			
per annum, for the half-year to date ..	£40,000	0	0
Reserve Fund .. .. .	75,000	0	0
Officers' Superannuation Fund .. .. .	10,000	0	0
Bank Premises .. .. .	10,000	0	0
Profit and Loss New Account .. .. .	40,104	3	7
	175,104	3	7
	£230,104	3	7
Cr.			
By Balance at 31st December, 1900 .. .. .	21,532	14	6
Gross Profits for the year, after providing			
for bad and doubtful debts .. .. .	£364,460	11	8
Deduct:—			
Expenses of Management, and General			
Charges at Head Office and Branches ..	135,889	2	7
Net profits for the year .. .. .	208,571	9	1
	£230,104	3	7

London, 27th March, 1902.

Examined and found correct, according to the books, vouchers, and securities at the Head Office, and to the certified returns made from the several Branches.

M. N. GIRDLESTONE, } Auditors.  
M. MOWAT.

Warrants for the Dividend above declared, payable at the London City and Midland Bank (Limited), Threadneedle Street, on and after 23rd instant, will be issued to all the Shareholders.

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